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A Sleeping Memory

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER III.

Outside, the two girls passed into a street wet with rain, ill-lit, and almost deserted by foot passengers. A cold, damp wind blew in their faces, the change from the perfumed warmth of the brightly-lit tea-rooms made them shiver as they turned southwards. Ada passed her arm through her companion's, and together they struggled along.

"I wish you would hold the umbrella over yourself," Eleanor said, as they rounded a tempestuous corner. "Your skirt must be wet through."

"I'm all right," Ada declared. "My clothes are thicker than yours. Are you going to let me ask you something, Eleanor?"

"Why not?"

"What made you do it? You're always so particular—snap a fellow's head off almost if he speaks to you. Yet you followed him in there as though you had known him all your life!—and he was a bad 'un' Ugh!"

Eleanor laughed softly and mirthlessly.

"Why did you say that? I thought he was rather interesting."

Ada looked upwards in scornful wonder.

"You ain't so simple as all that, Eleanor, I know. Bother his fine talk, I say. I've met his sort before—all the gentlefolk who take the trouble to talk to any of us are the same. A lot of soft-sounding palaver, and as much real wickedness behind it as you'll find in a day's march. Not for me, thank you! Nor for you, Eleanor, eh?"

Again that upward anxious glance. Ada knew that this girl whom chance had made her companion was in a dangerous mood, and she knew, too, that between her and the man who had just left them had existed some sort of subtle sympathy wholly outside her powers of definition which irritated and alarmed her, but which she was powerless to ignore.

"I am not sure that you judged him rightly," Eleanor answered, "but after all it scarcely matters, does it? I do not suppose that we are either of us likely to see him again."

Ada was visibly relieved.

"I hope to goodness we shan't," she answered heartily. "I ain't nervous as a rule, but he scared me with his strange talk and the way he looked at you. I can't abide people who talk in riddles. Why couldn't he out with what he wanted like a man. I don't think you's have had much more to say to him then!"

Eleanor looked doubtful.

"I believe now that he was honest," she said. "I can't help it. Yet he was certainly very mysterious. He frightened me, too, a little. Why was he so anxious to know whether I was afraid to die? What did he mean, I wonder?"

"Mean!" Ada gave vent to a contemptuous exclamation. "Mean! Oh, his meaning was plain enough. I've met his sort before, only not quite so barefaced. If ever you were to go near him, Eleanor, you'd find out fast enough. All that fine talk of his was simply rot. There's only one thing such as him could do for you, and only one price to be paid. It's sickening, but it's true."

"I daresay you are right," Eleanor said wearily. "All the same, I can't help feeling that I should like to know more about him. Don't look so horrified, child! Remember that after all I have seen more of the world than you have. I, too, know something of the sort of men of whom you are thinking. I can't class him amongst them. It's quite impossible."

"He's there, all the same, wherever you put him," Ada declared. "I should like to know what else he spoke to us for, and talked to you as though you were the first woman he had seen in the world. He wasn't a boy, you know, looking out for a spree. He heard you talking as though you'd like to chuck yourself away for an old song, and he followed us deliberately."

"We are not going to talk about him any more," Eleanor said firmly. "Perhaps I was foolish, but there is no harm done, and it was a pleasure to hear a gentleman's voice again. Is that six o'clock? Where were you to met Mr. Johnson?"

"I told them that we should be at the theatre at half-past," Ada answered.

Eleanor stopped short in the middle of the pavement.

"Them! Who?"

There was a moment's awkward silence. Ada had intended to keep that plural to herself until the meeting was actually over. She tightened her grasp upon her companion's arm.

"You mustn't be cross, Eleanor," she begged. "It's a friend of Henry's who's going with us. He's not at Bearmain's. In fact, he's not in our sort of business at all. Henry says he's awful good company, and you know how particular he is."

"I would rather go back, Ada," Eleanor said doubtfully. "I don't mind you and Mr. Johnson, because of course you would have plenty to talk about, but I am not in the humor for company."

"Oh, he'll do the talking all right," Ada urged. "He's that sort! You see, as Henry said, three's such an awkward number for getting in. We must go two and two, and you might get with some one ever so horrid, and Henry hates not to haye me to talk to while we're waiting."

Eleanor shook her head vigorously.

"It is too bad of you, Ada," she declared. "You know quite well that if you told me I should not have come. I do not wish to make any fresh acquaintances. I shall go back at once."

Ada's eyes filled with tears.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Eleanor," she declared. "If you do I shall go with you. Do be sensible for once now, dear. I know that we aren't any of us quite your sort, but you've got to live with us for the present, at any rate, and you might just as well make the best of it. You can't stick in at Bearmain's every night, and you can't walk about the streets by yourself."

Eleanor shook her head.

"You mustn't think me unreasonable, dear," she said, "but I really would rather not come. I know that a third person is in the way, and I told you so when you asked me, but you and Mr. Johnson were so nice about it that I think I was a little over-persuaded. But I certainly am not going with a stranger whom I have never met before, and who probably wouldn't let me pay for my own ticket. Besides—"

"That's just it," Ada interrupted triumphantly. "That's what I wanted to tell you. We shan't any of us have to pay for our tickets. Henry's friend, Mr. Chadwick, who is going with us, is a literary gentleman, who writes for papers, and gets orders. He's got passes for four into the Haymarket, and by waiting an hour or so we shall get into the front row of the pit—every bit as good as the stalls, where all the swells sit. Oh, you must come along, Eleanor. He's quite gentlemanly I'm sure, or Henry wouldn't have took up with him, and if you don't like him, you know, why, you needn't have anything more to do with him afterwards. Come along, there's a dear!"

Eleanor suffered herself to be persuaded. They hurried on to the top of the Haymarket, where the two young men were awaiting them. Henry was one of the junior shop-walkers at Bearmain's, and as such a person of some consequence. He greeted Ada with levity, and Eleanor, of whom he was secretly a little afraid, with his best floor manner. Afterwards he begged leave to present his friend, Mr. Laurence Chadwick, a young man on a somewhat expansive scale, who wore a seedy frock-coat, trousers much frayed at the edges, and a silk hat with an abnormally large brim. A waistcoat cut unusually low displayed an uninviting amount of white pique tie, reposing upon a shirt whose cleanliness was ancient history.

"I hope you young ladies won't mind waiting a bit," Mr. Johnson remarked. "We shall have to stand two and two, you know, like the animals, but there ain't many there yet, and we ought to get in the front row. What do you think Chadwick, you know all about these places?"

Mr. Chadwick thought that with management it might be done, but proposed an immediate move. A few minutes later, and they were standing in their places upon the pavement. Mr. Chadwick immediately proceeded to count the people in front with a professional air.

"H'm!" he remarked. "There's a front row ahead of us, and four over. However, the doorkeeper's a pal of mine, and he'll see us right. We'll have to judy some one going in."

Eleanor ventured to remark that the second row was almost as good, but Mr. Chadwick shook his head in a superior manner.

"The front row is the place of the 'house,'" he asserted confidently. "You leave it to me, and we'll get there somehow. Got any smokes, Henry?—that is, if Miss Surtoes has no objection."

Miss Curtoes had no objection to anything. So the long hour of waiting commenced. The cigars were doubtful and smelt rank, the rain and wind were a miserable combination. Eleanor's boots, thin and almost worn through, were powerless to withstand the cold dampness of the sloppy pavements. Before half the time had gone by she found herself choking back the sobs. The drippings from an umbrella behind had worn their way through a weak place in her jacket. Her companion's attempts at conversation jarred every moment upon her overstrung nerves. And all the time the indignity of the thing set her quivering with anger. The passers-by eyed them with blended curiosity and contempt, the women from their cabs and carriages going home from their shopping, or on their way to dine, watched them in languid amusement. A couple behind were peeling and eating oranges, a glass flask of spirits was being passed from hand to hand. She sank at last into a sort of torpor, numbed with cold and the acute discomfort of her surroundings. Her companion had long ago ceased to make any effort to entertain her, and was mostly occupied in trying to maintain a facetious conversation with some friends in the rear. Ada and her escort were standing arm-in-arm, their heads very close together, completely engrossed in their two selves.

The long wait came to an end at last. On the part of the two men there was a rush for the front seats the moment the portals were passed. The girls followed in more sober fashion. Ada looked at her companion with concern.

"You're awful pale, Eleanor. Ain't you feeling well?"

"It was rather a long wait," Eleanor answered. "I shall be better directly we sit down."

They joined the two men, flushed with success, and eager for congratulations. There had been a few words with an old gentleman in front of whom they had slipped, and there were some loud complaints from a stout elderly lady and her two daughters, who for the next half-an-hour made audible remarks to one another as to the undesirable people with whom one was forced to rub shoulders in these democratic times. But on the whole they won their place of vantage cheaply, and settled down to make the most of it. Even Eleanor, to whom the warmth and the rest were inexpressibly grateful, found herself interested in the programme which Mr. Chadwick placed gallantly in her hand.

"It's the usual sort of play, you know," he remarked, in a superior tone. "A woman too many—and all the rest of it. Very smartly done, though. I shall have to make a few notes. I'm not sure whether our people have noticed it yet, but they'll be sure to want to know my opinion."

Eleanor eyed him critically. Less than ever in the gaslight did he repay inspection. His shirt was distinctly soiled, his hands and nails were unwashed, his eyes were puffy and weak. What a cavalier! She shuddered as she looked away again into the stalls.

"Like to know who some of the people are?" he inquired. "That's the Earl of G., just come in with Lady C., his sister, you know. The Rothchilds are in that box, and the Arthur Pagets in the other. See that little chap! It's Hertz, the South African millionaire."

"Don't point!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

He looked annoyed.

"I'll look after that, thanks," he remarked. "I should say I'm more used to these sort of places than you are. My eye, there's the Duchess of K. Ain't her diamonds a treat?"

"Your acquaintance with the aristocracy," she remarked, "seems to be most extensive!"

"And a good many of 'em know me," he asserted. "You see, if you've anything to do with a Society paper you're right inside the ropes. All sorts of people pal me up now and again."

She made no remark, but unfortunately for her comfort Mr. Chadwick at that moment made a surprising discovery. This friend of Ada's, whom outside he had set down as a pale-faced nonentity without looks or conversation, was a very different sort of person in the gaslight. Now that the color had come back to her cheeks she was amazingly good-looking; capital style too, Mr. Chadwick decided—and Mr. Chadwick was a judge. He communicated his discovery to Henry in a somewhat audible whisper, and Henry passed it on with a nudge to Ada.

"Chadwick's a clean goner!" he informed her. "Clean bowled over. Nice thing for her, ain't it?"

Ada was doubtful. She knew the meaning of those scornful, tremulous lips, and Eleanor's cold monosyllables were not encouraging. But Mr. Chadwick was not the man to be easily daunted.

"Bit annoyed with me, my boy, because I didn't cotton to her outside," he whispered to Henry. "You leave her to me. She'll come round. I know her sort—high fliers; but bless me, girls are all the same."

Fortunately for the preservation of his self-confidence the curtain went up. After that his whispered asides failed to annoy her. She passed easily and with delightful readiness into another world, and in it there was no place for Mr. Chadwick.

CHAPTER IV.

It was an ordinary pleasant little comedy of every-day life, brightly written and epigrammatic, leading up, however, to a great situation towards the climax of the third act. Eleanor sat quite still, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed, drinking in long draughts of delicious enjoyment. It was a chapter from the life for which her heart was faint with longing. Here was everyday existence without labor or vulgarity. She was too absorbed to torture herself with contrasts. With an abandon which was in itself a luxury, she gave herself wholly up to the delight of the moment.

During the intervals the glamour lasted and sustained her. She chatted brightly to her companions, and to spare herself the pain of any jarring note virtually absorbed the conversation. Ada beamed all over with pleasure. She was delighted that her friend should vindicate the superiority which she had bespoken for her. The two young men were amazed. Henry, with the unerring instinct of a born shop-walker, and Mr. Chadwick, who despite his innate vulgarity was gifted with perceptions, recognized that touch of something outside their lives with which Eleanor was certainly endowed. The former became curiously silent. The latter lost a great part of his offensive over-confidence. The first two intervals passed almost gayly.

Then the supreme moment of the play arrived. The woman of fashion who had chattered her way lightly through a couple of acts found herself face to face yith one of the great realities of life. Her well-bred indifference fell away from her like a mask. She stood upon the stage, a white-faced, trembling human being, looking with wide-open eyes which took no account of visible things into a future which the next few seconds must decide for her.

Slowly her lips moved; the words came out faltering, but distinct, quivering with agony, like live things beating upon the air. She spoke her own sentence—accepted a renunciation magnificent, but impossible. She sank into a chair. Eleanor, withdrawing her eyes, hot and throbbing with unshed tears, found them challenged and held. A man from amongst the shadows of a private box was watching her intently.

She recognized him at once. He was leaning up against the wall, looking at her over the heads of the two women who occupied the front seats of the box. His posture and general air was of indifference, as though the play had failed to interest him. Yet when he saw her his expression changed, and as their eyes met he smiled quietly. Eleanor felt her breath die suddenly away from her. She would even have avoided his gaze, but she was powerless. His recognition was courteous enough, even kindly. Yet she felt that beneath it lay a perfect apprehension of her position, of the misery through which she had passed. The telegraphy of thought seemed to her then a very real and actual thing! His lips never moved, his face after that brief smile was almost statuesque. Yet his sympathy made her heart leap, she was conscious of an emotion wholly new, altogether unanalyzed. Every word of their conversation was in her mind. For the first time she realized that undernote of confidence in all that he had said to her which had alarmed even Ada. His words were true. She was the woman for whom he had been seeking. To him would belong her future. From that moment she was sure of it. Then from the stage rang out the long-drawn, passionate cry of a woman:

"What does it matter though my measure of days be long or short, only let me live through them, not grope my way as one of a herd. Ay, live, whether it be in sin or in well-being, in joy or in misery. Life is the one priceless gift, free, vigorous, pulsating. Break down the walls! Give me a year, a month, a week, and when it has passed I will take death by the hand. Yet, O God, how hard to shake the prison bars."

The passionate, almost shameless cry of the woman seemed still to echo through the house after the curtain had fallen. Eleanor sat quite still, her heart beating fiercely, her whole being in quivering accord with the words which might almost have sprung from her own lips. Against her will she looked once more into the box. He had withdrawn his gaze, and was talking now to the two women between whom he sat. She watched him steadfastly, eager to form a dispassionate and studied opinion of the man who had come so curiously into her life. For the first time she realized that he was more than ordinarily good-looking. His complexion was very pale, but it was a pallor without any suggestion of ill-health. His features were all good; his eyes clear and bright, although a trifle sunken beneath a formidable forehead; his hair, carefully parted, was dark and glossy. The lines of his mouth were firm, but not forbidding, the general strength of his face was almost impressive. In his quiet evening dress he seemed to her to possess more than ever that non-assertive, well-groomed appearance which is the corollary of distinction. She concluded her study of him and touched her escort upon the arm.

"You know every one, Mr. Chadwick. Can you tell me who those people are in the box to the left?"

"Which one do you mean?" he asked eagerly. "The one next the Pagets?"

She inclined her head cautiously, and his eyes followed her motion.

"Oh, him! That's Sir Powers Fiske. He's quite a big pot."

"Who is he?" Eleanor asked.

"I know a bit about him," Mr. Chadwick affirmed with complacency. "He started life as a doctor, came in for the baronetcy and a pile of money, chucked everything and went abroad for five years. He got lost in Central Asia, and when he came back he lectured before a lot of societies, and he's got half the letters in the alphabet after his name. I don't know what he does now—just enjoys himself, I suppose."

"And the ladies?" Eleanor asked. "Is he married?"

"Don't think so. The old geez—lady with the diamonds is his mother, Lady Fiske. The other's his sister, I suppose. She looks like him."

The curtain rose again. A superfluous fourth act did its best to weaken the general effect of the play. With its fall there was a rush for the door. Eleanor gave one backward glance, but Sir Powers Fiske was helping his womenkind with their opera cloaks. Then again there was a hateful scrimmage, but outside the conditions had improved. The sky was clear of clouds, the stars were shining, and a fresh breeze seemed to Eleanor a delicious change after the stuffy atmosphere of the theatre. They turned up the Haymarket, and as they passed from under the portico, Eleanor was amazed to hear a whisper in her ear:

"I shall write to you tomorrow!"

She walked on, making no sign. Directly afterwards a brougham drawn by a pair of powerful horses passed them close to the curb-stone. A man was sitting on the back seat, and for a moment the gaslight fell upon his still, cold face. He looked steadily at the little party, but without any sign of recognition. The carriage swept round a corner. Ada leaned forward.

"Did you see who that was, Eleanor?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, I saw him in the theatre," Eleanor answered.

Ada tossed her head.

"Looked as though he's never seen us before in his life," she whispered. "If we were good enough to take out to tea we ought to be good enough to acknowledge in the streets. I don't call it gentlemanly of him at all."

Eleanor made no remark. A certain restraint seemed to have fallen upon their two cavaliers. They walked all four together, Mr. Johnson having resisted an attempt on the part of his friend to detach Eleanor and walk behind. Ada was on the inside and Eleanor between the two. The attention of both seemed fixed upon her.

"I hope that you've enjoyed the play, Miss Surtoes?" Mr. Johnson asked anxiously.

Eleanor withdrew her eyes from the corner round which the carriage had vanished.

"Immensely, thank you," she answered warmly. "Really, it has been a great treat for me. It is very kind of you and Ada to have brought me."

Mr. Chadwick coughed.

"It was lucky," he remarked, "that I was able to get seats. The play is thought a lot of and there are very few orders being given."

"It was very nice of you to include me in your invitation," Eleanor said absently. "What a sight this is!"

They were at the top of the Haymarket. All around them streams of people were pouring out from the theatres and the music halls. Cabs and carriages full of men and women in evening dress blocked all the thoroughfares. A glare of lights from the restaurants and the Leicester Square music halls turned night into day. The pavements were crowded with wayfarers of all sorts and conditions. It was the nightly pandemonium of the West End, when class jostled class when the great streams of pleasure-seekers seize upon a few acres of their great city, and seek for relaxation with something of that same feevrish absorption with which throughout the day they fight their battle in the greater struggle for existence. To Eleanor, who had seen little enough of it, there was a curious fascination in this brilliant and light-hearted mammom show. Even the dark places were tinselled over. It was early yet for the dregs.

"Cheerful sight, ain't it?" Mr. Chadwick remarked. "You're not a Londoner, perhaps, Miss Surtoes?"

She shook her head.

"No! I have lived nearly all my life in the north of England. Is it like this every night?"

"There's never any change to speak of. No place like it in the world, you know."

Mr. Chadwick, who had never been out of England save once for a day trip to Boulogne, spoke with the bland and insular confidence of his class. All the while he had been feeling surreptitiously in his trousers pocket. What he found was apparently satisfactory.

"Henry, my boy," he said suddenly, "what about a bit of supper, eh? That is, if Miss Surtoes will favor us?" he added, turning towards her deferentially.

"It is my treat," Mr. Johnson declared, with some asperity. "I was on the point of proposing it. We will go to Gatti's—unless Miss Surtoes would prefer somewhere else."

Eleanor glanced across to Ada, who had been walking almost by herself. Neither of the two men had addressed a word to her since leaving the theatre.

"What do you say, Ada?" she asked. "Have we time?"

"There is plenty of time, but Gatti's is a little expensive," Ada answered guardedly. "I don't think that I am very hungry."

"The expense has nothing to do with it," Mr. Johnson declared, somewhat nettled. "Supper we will have, that's certain. I always think it's the proper way to end an evening like this. The only question is, where we shall go to."

Mr. Chadwick had an inspiration.

"What price Frascati's!" he exclaimed. "There's music there, and it's close to Bearmain's. Are you fond of music, Miss Surtos?"

"I like music very much," she answered, "but I think, perhaps, that Ada is right. We have had a very pleasant evening, and I am sure supper is quite unnecessary."

The two young men waived aside her remonstrance. Aca, in response to a vigorous nudge from Mr. Johnson, admitted to an appetite. They set out for Frascati's.

(To be continued.)

Uncle Remus' Last Character

Don Marquis in New York Times.

NOT only did "Uncle Remus" have his enthusiasms, but he had a little literary secret of his own, which he died believing that no one had discovered; and out of which he managed to get a great deal of mild amusement.

When the magazine which he founded came to consider the inauguration of a book review department, it was discovered that there were very few people who could write just the sort of book reviews the editor cared for. His assistants presented a dozen or more aspiring candidates, but only one or two turned out the sort of work Mr. Harris wanted. Finally he came to the office one day with a rather triumphant air and announced that he had discovered a book reviewer who almost suited him.

She was an old maid, he said, a woman of nearly 60, and she lived in London. He had known her in Georgia before and during the war, and had always wondered why it was that she had never written anything. And he had lost track of her only to resume an interrupted corrrespondence a year or two before. She had agreed to do book reviews and forward the copy from London. Her name was Anne MacFarland, and she had a rather sour temper and he preferred to edit the copy himself.

The office force noticed that Mr. Harris had always copied off Miss McFarland's reviews on his own typewriter before sending them or bringing them to the office; and they also noticed in the first installment that she had a style very like that of Mr. Harris himself. When the managing editor ran across the word "pestered" in Miss MacFarland's "copy" he began to suspect that she was Mr. Harris himself.

But he did not teil "Uncle Remus." He waited for further and more conclusive evidence; and finally he got it, but even then he did not unmask the villain. He merely formed the habit, as did the rest of the staff, of sneering at Miss MacFarland's literary views in Uncle Remus' hearing just to see how he would take it. He took it with a chuckle and a chew of tobacco to hide the chuckle as a rule, but he would be finally driven to a mild defense.

"Well, she's an old woman," he would say, "and she's soured a little on the world. These old women get a little caustic, you know. But I think she can write. Of course, her style doesn't have the go to it you young fellows like. I've read better stuff and I've read worse stuff. She's not one of those rapid-fire performers you young fellows admire—but maybe she knows what she's talking about, after all, just as well as they do."

We never admitted we liked Anne MacFarland's style, and continued to stick up our collective noses at her work. "Well, you know—she's just an old fogy—just an old fogy like me," he would say with a chuckle; "you can't expect her to please real literary critics like you young fellows." And with this shot he would go out chuckling.

Gradually Anne MacFarland assumed a more and more tangible form in Mr. Harris' imagination. She became the heroine of a whole serial story which he built up around her. She was a "buxom lass" when he last saw her, he said, and sighed sentimentally. Finally we accused him of an early romance with her, and he denied it in such a way as to show that the idea pleased him, and that he would not care if we believed it. And bit by bit we got the story of Anne's life and adventures out of him. He did it all so naturally and so casually that, in spite of our positive knowledge that Anne never existed, there were times when we believed in her.

We planned a denouement for the little comedy, but it never worked out. Mr. Harris fell ill and the Anne MacFarland copy stopped coming in. She was the last character he created.

Oiling Progress in Many Lands

AT frequent intervals, during the first 40 years after the discovery of petroleum in the United States, in Pennsylvania, there were confident predictions that the limit of oil production had been reached. It was said, time and again, that no more rich oil-bearing territory would be discovered and the petroleum industry must decline and gradually disappear.

Now such views are less heard of, and when they are voiced at all they attract much less attention. Few take seriously the predictions that there will be a speedy end of the growth of the oil industry, which has spread to the Pacific ocean and far down into Mexico. California claims to be assured of enough petroleum to supply the wants of that state for 200 years.

The lubricating of modern civilization with the oil which nature has been storing up for millions of years is one of the growing and far-reaching factors in the progress of the times. It affects an ever-widening part of the earth, and it proves useful in more industries and to a greater number of human beings every year.

Consider, for instance, what the enormously productive oil fields which find their outlet to the sea at Tampico, Mexico, are doing for a country which has begun only, within a brief time, to make use of its petroleum.

Many locomotives on Mexican railroads are burning oil instead of costly imported coal. Gas made from oil is lighting Mexico City and other Mexican towns. The streets of several large cities in Mexico are being paved with asphalt distilled from the crude oil, which is both abundant and cheap. Country roads are being improved with oil, which is especially useful in a dry, warm country, where rain is infrequent and dust common.

Meanwhile the oil fields are enriching a large district and giving the country fresh capital and industrial resources. The great yield of petroleum is a powerful stimulus to business of all kinds, in a large section of Mexico.

In distant islands, especially Sumatra and Borneo, there are many proofs of the effect which oil fields have in advancing the development of regions hitherto backward. Petroleum is enriching large districts in both of those islands, and the oil they yield is being exported to markets as far away as Australia and China.

The steamers which the Canadian Pacific railroad operates on the Pacific ocean are to be equipped for burning oil, except possibly some of the largest in the trans-Pacific service. There is no doubt about the coasters which the railroad runs. Indeed, its locomotives on the Pacific division of its great system, may soon be using petroleum for fuel.

Down on the isthmus the substitution of oil for coal in the fireboxes of the locomotives on the Panama railroad has been very satisfactory. They work better and the fuel costs less.

In California, where coal is very expensive, the economy of petroleum fuel is notably great. The use of oil has increased enormously in the last two years, and it is not only building up industries formerly impossible on account of the lack of cheap fuel, but the oil industry itself is of great importance. The petroleum produced last year is calculated to have been equal to nearly 20,000,000 tons of coal, and it was a great factor in the industrial progress of a state almost destitute of other mineral fuel.

These are illustrations of the changes which oil is working in widely separated regions. It is an ever-increasing source of industrial progress and the general growth of civilization and the prosperity which is one of the most important fruits of civilized man's conquest of nature and use of nature's resources.

LEGEND OF THE SKY LARK

Came From Heaven With a Message and Stayed to Play.

Forest and Stream.

The Ainu (the aborigines of Japan) have many legends about birds, one of which is very pretty. It is thus given by a recent writer:

"The skylark used to live in heaven. One day the God of heaven sent him down to the earth with a message for the gods who reside here, telling him to return the same day. But the little bird thought the earth such a nice place that he stayed to play.

"He was here so long that it began to grow dark, and he therefore determined to spend the night on the ground. The next day he arose in the air to return to heaven, but God met him when he was about six score feet up and said: 'Why did you not return as I told you? As, therefore, you have disobeyed my words, you shall not return to heaven, but live upon the earth. Although you may attempt to fly as high up as heaven, yet you shall never be able to get any higher than one or two scores of six feet.'

"The little bird was exceedingly concerned at this, and arguing with God, said: 'Oh, great God, as the world you make is so beautiful I could not help taking a look at it and so got late. Although you chide me for this, yet I will fly back to heaven.' In this way he answered God. But God did not consent. Therefore the little bird grew more and more distressed and daily went as high as he could, pleading all the time; yet God would never consent to his entrance into heaven again.

"He therefore returned to the earth to play. After a time he ascended and did the same thing, yet God did not consent. The same thing continues to happen now every summer, but God never will allow him to return."

A Popular Visitor.

Topeka Capital.

Frank Jarrell has a system which makes him very popular with his kin; he does not wait over night. He "drops in" occasionally, eats a meal and departs. That gives him time to tell his two stories, sing his one song and make himself generally agreeable. When he goes away his kin regret that he did not stay longer. If he had the staying your night habit he would be sure to repeat some of his stunts, get into a quarrel over religion or the tariff, have a fuss on account of other relatives or do something to give the family extreme pleasure at his departure.

Jarrell was broken of the habit of staying over night a great many years ago when he made a journey to visit his kin. He had been in the house only two hours when he heard one of the girls telling a friend over the phone of his visit. "Oh, we're in for it," she said. "He brought two grips and I suppose he will stay all summer." Jarrell decided on the one meal system then, and he finds that it is very satisfactory.

Iron From Ore Dust.

F. C. Iglehart in the Christian Herald.

The Carnegie Steel Co. of the United States Steel Corporation has been working for two years on a plan to utilize the ore dust from furnaces and machinery. The other day it succeeded in its experiment in making the first briquette from the ore dust. Millions of dollars' worth of ore dust has been wasted which will now be converted into usable pig iron. Fifty-eight men are already employed in the first plant for making briquettes, and new plants will be established as the demands may require. The wastes of many branches of industry have been so utilized that their value has furnished a very good profit for the year's business. Our country has untold mineral resources and mills and inventions which turn out a fabulous product of iron and steel; reminding us of the Promised Land.

Ancient Church Customs.

London Globe.

In the age of witchcraft and superstition it was believed that the faries built the old kirks in Glasgow and that they had a right to them; so said Mr. W. B. Paterson, lecturing before the Old Glasgow club. The accommodation afforded the parishioners was very different from the present luxurious age. There were no pews in the Scottish kirks before the reign of Charles I. The people had to bring their stools with them, and those that did not do this simply sat down on the floor. For the evening service parishioners likewise brought candlesticks and candles. On the question of the separation of the sexes Mr. Paterson mentioned the interesting fact that there still existed a church in the city where this rule was observed.

Cheddite.

Mines and Minerals.

Cheddite, an explosive that has been extensively used for the last ten years in this quarter of the globe, is about to be introduced in Canada. The explosive will not freeze and is practically non-gaseous. It will burn in the open air without explosion. Nitric, hydrofluoric and sulphuric acids, when poured over the powder, do not cause it to explode. Nitric acid has no effect on it whatever, but it effervesces under the action of hydrofluoric acid and burns brightly when sulphuric acid is poured over it. When it is charged in a drill hole and exploded the smoke is not injurious, and men can go back at once to their working places without even obtaining a headache.

The Barns Boys Always Present.

Danville Advocate.

A marvelous record was made known Sunday morning at the Baptist Sunday school, when the superintendent announced that Willie Barns, a 6-year-old scholar in the school, had not missed Sunday school for the last three years. Carl, his brother, who is a little older, has not recorded against him an absent mark in six years, and Forrest, the eldest of the three brothers, has been present every Sunday at Sunday school for the last eight years.

Foresight.

Baltimore American.

"Who is the man who is so loudly and energetically opposing restrictions on automobile speeding? I don't recollect having seen him among the motorists before."

"You haven't. He's not a motorist, he's an undertaker."

Winter's Welcome Word.

I'm not regrettin' summer when the sky
is gloomin' gray,
If Winter says 'Good mornin'" in a
hearty kind o' way,
Cane juice drippin' sweet,
Cider hard to beat,
And a frosty lane o' moonlight
Where his sweetheart Love will meet.

Your sweetheart's cheeks as rosy as the
reddest rose o' May;
The lips that sing o' summer that never
fades away.
Joy, an' Love, an' Light.
Dreamy day an' night;
Love's whippoorwills a-singin'
In dreams o'er meadows bright.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

There are no days like the good old
days,
The days when we were youthful,
When humankind were pure of mind,
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Because man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slave to the tyrant Fashion.

There are no girls like the good old
girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em,
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knows how to make 'em.
They were rich in spirit and common
sense,
And piety all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had
taught school, too,
And they made such likely courtin'.

There are no boys like the good old
boys—
When we were boys together.
When the grass was sweet to the brown
bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When pewee sang to the summer drone
Of the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us.
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God save us.
So we dream and dream of the good old
times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing
gleams
Of Heaven away off yonder.

—Eugene Field.

Granite of the South.

Chicago Tribune.

When one speaks of granite the mind naturally reverts to Vermont. It is difficult to associate granite with any section of North America outside New England, yet it must now be acknowledged to the credit of the south that Georgia, North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia are producing large quantities of stone of good quality which insures the south a place in the market at any rate. The annual output is now worth about $3,500,000 and the industry is growing. It may be of comparative interest to know that New England's output is about $9,000,000 worth of stone annually.

Old War Shell Exploded.

Central City Argus.

The explosion of an old war time shell filled with powder almost caused the death of Ernest Patterson and his young wife at Dundee, a small country hamlet near here.

The shell had lain in an unfrequented spot for years and was found by Patterson while he was hunting. The explosion followed his attempt to pry it open with a hatchet. The concussion knocked the couple several feet, causing dangerous injuries. Two of Patterson's fingers were torn off and his wife's face was mangled.

Cape to Cairo

ONE of the great dreams of the engineers and the empire-builders is fast coming true in Africa. It is being realized far more rapidly than it seemed possible that events could move in such a region and in the face of the obstacles encountered.

Railroad building in tropical Africa has unique incidents, sometimes disquieting to the engineers in charge of construction operations. When the line over which Roosevelt rode from Mombassa, on the eastern coast, to the interior of the continent was being pushed through the wilderness of Tsavo, work was stopped for weeks by man-eating lions. Many of the laborers were devoured before the engineers killed lions enough to clear the country of imminent peril. Occasionally the long necks of giraffes get tangled up with telegraph wires and demoralized the service.

But these things are mere freaks. The real obstacles to railroad building in Africa, where sufficient money is available, are the diseases peculiar to the country, or prevalent there, the climate in low-lying regions and the long haul necessary for imported material. All are formidable, though they vary greatly in different sections and districts.

But, notwithstanding the obvious drawbacks, the project which looked so visionary a few years ago, of connecting Cape Town and Cairo by a trunk line railway, has been carried on so far that its complete success is no longer open to doubt. Already the space to be crossed is only about half as great as that which has been traversed.

Down from Egypt, over the hot sand wastes of Nubia, the railroad has gradually extended to Khartoum and then it was continued southward through the less parched and sterile regions of the Sudan and Kordofan. The terminus is now at El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, which means about 1,500 miles from Cairo.

That is as far as the distance by railroad from New York to Minneapolis or Kansas City, speaking in round numbers. It is about half the width of the continent from New York to San Francisco. Considering the nature of the country through which it runs and the lack of traffic originating in most of the region it traverses, this is a wonderful railroad. It would not exist if it had not been looked upon as a military necessity by the British masters of Egypt.

From the southern end of the Cape-to-Cairo line there has been more rapid progress. The country has been much more favorable, as a rule, and the promoters of the enterprise could see ahead of them, at every important point, the promise of rich natural resources and speedy development given the needed transportation facilities.

So far, most of the territory penetrated by the railroad has been suitable for whoite men to live in, work in and colonize. It has been a region producing much mineral wealth, chiefly in gold and diamonds, and as the road goes farther the timber and the soil become more promising for varied industries, in the immediate future.

The Zambezi river has been crossed by a great bridge near the famous Victoria Falls, and now the end of the railroad is at the frontier of the independent Congo region, abut 400 miles sutheast of Lake Tanganyika. The present terminus is 2,500 miles, in round figures from Capetown.

The central stretch remaining to be crossed is not much over 2,000 miles. It will connect with a promised extension of the railroad which runs through the Congo State, from the mouth of the river of that name to Stanley Pool. It is likely that the British railroad from the east coast, at Mombassa, will also be extended to join the Cape-to-Cairo line at or near the Nyanza lakes, which are the chief sources of the Nile.

Not all of the road will be built in what is now British territory, but the sections which are British will so greatly predominate that for practical purposes the line will do what Cecil Rhodes had set his heart upon—paint a red stripe down the length of the Dark Continent. It is an undertaking of great interest and value, from the industrial and commercial viewpoint, but it is also the forging of a long chain in the building of the British empire.

MARSAN

A ROMANCE OF THE MIDI

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER VII.

A Vision in the Night.

Dimly I saw Mademoiselle come out again into the road and mount a horse that had been provided for her. Fronsac and I were unbound, though not entrusted with our horses' bridles and we set forward at a more liesurely pace than had marked the first stage of the journey. Plainly there was no longer immediate fear of pursuit, and our guard relaxed somewhat, breaking now and again into a snatch of song or shouting a rude joke back and forth. I saw that our retreat was being made on some well-matured plan, and my heart sank as I realized how remote was chance of rescue.

The man at my right, who seemed to regard me with some small trace of kindness, perceiving my blue nose and chattering teeth, gave me his cloak, and this wrapped around me rendered the journey somewhat less of torture. But nothing could drive away the chill which had settled about my heart when I had looked into Claire's eyes and caught no answering gleam of friendship and interest in them. I did not see her again, for she kept to the rear of the column with the other women, and I held my face turned resolutely to the front, for even a cadet of Gascony has his pride.

Night found us near Dravet, as I gathered from the talk of my guards, for the country was quite unknown to me, but we left that squalid village far on the right and pressed on through the darkness for an hour longer. It seemed to me, from the uneven nature of the ground, that we must have left the road, and I was about to ask whither we were bound, when the command came to halt.

I could distinguish absolutely nothing in the darkness, but my guards appeared to know the place well, and one of them, dismounting, led my horse slowly forward across what seemed to be a bridge. I caught a gleam of light ahead, and in a moment we turned a corner and I could see something of my surroundings.

We were in the inner bailey of a castle, one of no little strength, but fallen quite into decay, for the curtains were cracked and ragged and broken, and two of the corner towers had toppled over. The donjon loomed up into the darkness at one end, and alone seemed to have defied the hand of time and the despoiler.

Towards this we rode, and at the door my captors leaped from the saddle and helped me to dismount. I should have fallen had they not supported me, for my joints had lost the power of motion. They led me to a corner where a fire had just been started, and set me with my back against the wall.

In a moment I saw them leading Fronsac in, and they set him down opposite me, one of the men taking the precaution to stand guard between. Presently the women passed, and I saw Mademoiselle smile at my companion—a smile

MORPHINE RELIEVED PAIN---THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY RESTORES TO HEALTH

For the past few years I suffered greatly from what three physicians called neuralgia of the stomach. The doctors treated me without any success and I called in a fourth doctor, who pronounced my disease gall stones. I suffered intense pain and the only relief the doctor could give me was by injections of morphine. I was so completely discouraged that I had almost given up hope when a neighbor told me about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. I decided to try it and began its use at once and after taking nine bottles was completely cured, not having a spell of sickness in over two years.

I have so much confidence in Swamp-Root that I never fail to recommend it to my friends who may have kidney trouble of any kind. I feel certain that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root saved my life, why should it not do likewise to others who take it in time.

You are at liberty to use this testimony at any time. Yours truly,

MRS. ELLA HENRY,
816 Schaefer Ave.,
Kansas City, Mo.

State of Missouri
County of Jackson
ss.

On the 28th day of July, A. D. 1909, personally appeared before me a Notary Public within and for said County and State, Mrs. Ella Henry, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true.

HENRY C. EMERY,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

"The Liver Pills act So Naturally and Easily."

Such a statement, coming from the cashier of a bank, shows what confidence responsible people have in these pills. Mr. A. L. Wilson after trying them wrote:

"I have used Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills and also your Anti-Pain Pills, on myself, with good results. The Liver Pills act so naturally and so easily that I scarcely know that I have taken a pill. Frequently being troubled with headache I take an Anti-Pain Pill and get immediate relief in every case."
A. L. Wilson, Sparta, Ill.

Mr. Wilson was for a number of years cashier of the First National Bank of Sparta.

Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills

are different from others. Many kinds of liver pills are "impossible" after one trial on account of their harshness. Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills do not act by sheer force but in an easy, natural way, without griping or undue irritation. They are not habit forming.

If the first bottle fails to benefit, your druggist will return the price. Ask him.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

"But here comes Drouet, whose business it is to look after you."

As he spoke the fellow who had ridden at my right all evening entered, and with him another whom I remembered having seen with Fronsac. They came direct to us, spread their cloaks before the fire, and Drouet motioned me to seat myself on his.

"As I am responsible for your continuance with us, Monsieur," he said, sitting down beside me, "we must take a few precautions."

"Very well," I said. "Do whatever you think needful."

Without more words he produced some pieces of rope. With one of these he bound my right ankle to his left one, and then the guard came forward and bound our wrists together.

"I think that will do," he said. "I advise you not to endeavor to get them loose, Monsieur, for I sleep lightly. Besides, M. de Duc cautioned me not to hestitate to kill you should you attempt escape."

"I shall attempt to do nothing but go to sleep," I answered, yawning, and we lay down together.

I saw that Fronsac watched all this keenly, and I knew that he too was thinking of flight. His guard sat down beside him, as mine had done.

"There are two courses open to you, Monsieur," he said. "Either give me your word of honor not to attempt to get away, or submit to the programme that has been carried out with your friend yonder. I must tie your hands and feet."

"But," Fronsac protested, "they have not tied the hands and feet of my friend."

The fellow stepped over and looked down to see how I was secured.

"No," he said, "but I am not a light sleeper, like Drouet there. I can't afford to take that chance. Come, Monsieur, choose."

For answer Fronsac held out his hands, and in a moment they were lashed together. Another rope was bound tightly about his ankles.

"There," grunted the fellow, as he secured the last knot. "Now, Monsieur, you may try to leave us if you wish. Only I warn you there are some sentries about who will not hestitate to fire," and rolling himself in his cloak, he was snoring in a moment.

Despite my fatigue, sleep did not come readily to my eyes. My brain was busy with thoughts of escape. I realized that once within Roquefort's stronghold at Marleon I should not find it easy to come out again, and I had no desire for that introduction to the rack which he had promised me. But to escape was no easy thing. I lay for long trying to devise some plan which offered at least a prospect of success. I might reach out with my free hand, grasp Drouet by the throat, and hold him until he ceased to breathe. But I realized that, with one hand, it was most unlikely I could master so powerful a man, to say nothing of the noise such an encounter must create A sudden blow was impossible for like reason. I tried softly to remove my hard from the knot which held it, but found that, too, impossible. I tried to reach the knot with my free hand, but Drouet stirred uneasily, and I lay still again. y the fading light of the fire I could dimly see Fronsac struggling to free himself, but with no more success than I. A sentry's step sounded at the door and a shadowy figure appeared there for a moment, looking over the room to see that all was well. Then he disappeared into the outer darkness, and for a time I watched the shadows dancing along the walls and over the ceiling. Gradually they grew faint and fainter, and fatigue weighed down my eyelids.

How long I slept I do not know, but I opened my eyes with a start and looked about the room. The fire had burned so low on the hearth that the place was almost in utter darkness, save for an instant, now and then, as a log fell asunder and sent a shower of sparks into the air. It was during one of these flashes that I fancied I saw a figure moving far down the room, but the light died away before I could make sure. I rubbed my eyes, braced my head against the wall, and waited. Yes, there it was again—this time there could be no mistaking—a cloaked figure bending over one man and then passing on to the next. What could it mean?

The light died out again, but in a moment I saw the figure once more, this time much nearer, and coming slowly down the line of sleeping men towards the corner where I lay. Nearer and nearer it came, until I felt a pair of eyes looking down into mine.

"M. de Marsan," breathed a voice, "you are awake? Close your eyes to show me that you hear."

I closed my eyes an instant, the blood rushing to my temples, my nerves aquiver. I could not mistake that voice—no, not even its whisper!

"Can you get up?" asked the voice. I shook my head and pointed with my free hand to my bound wrist and ankle.

In an instant the figure had dropped to its knees beside me. I felt swift fingers lightly examining the ropes, I caught the gleam of a knife and my bonds fell from me.

"Now, follow me, Monsieur," whispered the voice.

For the moment I forgot everything but the joy of being with her—the joy of holding her hand again and whispering in her ear. I got cautiously to my knees, to my feet and stole down the room after her. A shower of ashes threw the place into a sudden light and sent my heart into my throat, but none of the sleepers stirred. She paused in the shadow of the farthest corner until I reached her side.

"There, M. de Marsan," she whispered, "is a door through which, I think, you may escape. You see I am not ungrateful."

"Ungrateful!" I repeated hoarsely, and caught her hand.

You must go, Monsieur," she protested. "Even a moment's loitering here may mean recapture."

"But I am going to risk that moment, Mademoiselle," I said. "You see that my words have proved true and that we have met again; only, this afternoon, I thought you had forgot me."

"Oh, no, M. de Marsan," she breathed, "I had not forgot you, nor am I like to do so. Only I knew that I could not help you did anyone suspect me for your friend. But you must go—hasten!"

"And you," I asked.

"Oh, I will return to the apartment where my maid and Mademoiselle de Cadillac are sleeping," and she made a motion towards another door, almost hidden in the shadow.

There was a step at the door, and we saw the sentry enter and pause to glance about the room. For an instant I was certain he had seen us, so intently did he look towards the corner where we were, but at last he passed on again.

I felt that the hand I held close in mine was trembling.

"You see the folly of delay, Monsieur," she panted. "You must go—they must not retake you—better to die fighting than to wait for death at Marleon! Ah, do you not know!" and she drew her hand from mine and pressed it for a moment to her eyes. How fair, how sweet she was! How I trembled to take her in my arms! "Adieu, Monsieur. My prayers go with you."

"And only your prayers, Mademoiselle?" I whispered, my heart on fire.

"Go, go!" she repeated, and held out her hand. I caught it in both of mine and pressed it to my lips.

"Again I say, Mademoiselle, that this is not the last time," and I held tightly to the hand, which she would have drawn away. "I understand nothing of how you came to be awaiting us at the inn back yonder, but I know that it is fate which has thrown us together twice already. The third time we shall not part so quickly."

And again she shook her head as she had in the Rue Gogard.

"I have not your confidence in fate, Monsieur," she said. "Believe me, you must go. If you will not consider your own peril, think of mine."

True, I was a fool to have forgot it.

"Pardon," I said. "Forgive me for thinking only of myself."

I pressed my lips again to her soft, warm palm, and, not trusting myself to look at her, turned towards the door she had pointed out to me.

And then, in an instant, I remembered! I had not myself alone to consider—there were Mademoiselle and Fronsac who must be freed also! I could not leave them in this den of wolves—what a coward they would think me!

I turned back. None of the sleepers had stirred, nor seemed like to stir. Claire had disappeared into the inner room. I groped my way slowly across the floor. I could see Fronsac sitting against the wall. How his eyes brightened at the sight of me coming back! He held his bound wrists towards me eagerly.

"I thought you gone," he whispered. "I was a fool! I might have known you would come back!"

His eyes were dark and moist with emotion—his voice trembled. What a thing it is to have a friend!

And then, of a sudden, there came the beat of horses' hoofs without, a sharp challenge; Drouet, awakened, rubbed his eyes sleepily, saw the severed cords, and leaped to his feet with a yell. I tried to rise to meet him, but he saw me on the instant, and with a bound like a panther's was upon me.

CHAPTER VIII.
Marleon!

One man I might play even with, but not with the half dozen who sprang to Drouet's aid, and at the end of a moment, seeing resistance useless, I lay still, cursing my ill-fortune. The struggle had awakened all the men and they crowded about us, asking many questions.

"What is this?" cried a deep voice from the door. "Fighting among yourselves? God! But some head shall suffer!"

I recognized the voice and got slowly to my feet, as Roquefort strode into the light cast by the fire. I looked at him in amazement, for his eyes were blood-shot, his face haggard, his clothing stained with mud. Plainly, M. le Comte had given him a warm argument, and he had been hard put to it to shake him off.

"It was no quarrel, M. le Duc," explained Drouet, "nothing but this fellow trying to escape."

"To escape!" cried Roquefort. "Do you tell me that you left a door for his escape, Drouet? You value that neck of yours but lightly, then!"

"I bound him to me hand and foot, Monsieur," said Drouet humbly. "You know I am not a heavy sleeper. How he got loose without awakening me I cannot imagine."

He went to the spot where we had lain and picked up the pieces of rope. A sharp cry escaped him as he looked at them.

"Well?" asked Roquefort angrily. "What new surprise?"

"See, Monsieur," cried Drouet, holding out the rope-ends. "He did not get loose himself. Some one came, cut the ropes, and freed him."

For a moment Roquefort gazed at the ropes without speaking, but his face, when he raised it to mine, was terrible.

"A traitor!" he said. "A traitor here!" and he looked about him with eyes that sent a shiver through his men. "Oh, but some one shall pay for this! You shall tell us, Monsieur, who it was that cut your bonds and then you will have a companion on the rack. What a death! I could find it in my heart to pity you, Monsieur, did I not hate you so!"

He stood yet a moment looking at me, then turned away, and I heard a murmur from the crowd at the door.

"To horse!" he cried. "Bind these two rogues to the saddle! Bring forth the women!"

In an instant all was confusion. Drouet and another led me away, out into the black court through a crowd of sweating horses and cursing men-at-arms, to the place where our mounts were stabled. Again I was seated in the saddle, and a rope passed from ankle to ankle beneath the horse's belly. Drouet laughed savagely as he tied the last knot.

"There, my brave," he said, "I'll warrant you'll stay with us yet a little longer."

I had not the heart to retort, but sat silent while the troop fell into line again. I strained my eyes through the darkness for a glimpse of Fronsac or the women, but saw no sign of either. At last came the word to march, and we set off slowly through the night. No road, this time, but what seemed rough hill-land, so slowly did we pick our way. Drouet was in a savage mood, reflecting, doubtless, that had I escaped he must have suffered for it, and did what he could to make my position irksome by leading my mount over the roughest places and pricking him suddenly from time to time.

Dawn found us in a narrow valley with a little brook singing through. Far ahead I could see the peaks of the Pyrenees, nearer than the day before, but still leagues away. In the midst of a little grove of trees the word came to dismount, and the men swunk themselves wearily from the saddle. It was easy to see that they had been hard pressed. Their horses were almost done; yes, and the stains upon their clothing were not wholly those of the road, for some carried their arms in slings, some had their heads bandaged, some clung to the saddle with convulsive fingers, their lips purple, their eyes set with suffering. So there had been a battle, and M. le Comte had won! I remember his concern to keep his horses fresh and looked back over the way we had come in the wild hope that I might see him in pursuit, but I saw only the bleak hillside, the barren rocks, the strip of woodland.

Yet Roquefort shared the same concern, for he stationed sentries on the neighboring hilltops and gave his men but a brief half-hour to prepare their meal and wind their horses. And here I caught a glimpse of the agony of a soldier's life—the wounded men groaning and cursing, the white fear of death upon them, their lips trembling in self-pity, receiving but scant attention, for the others were dead-weary from their long ride. One poor fellow came suddenly to the end, and was carried aside with little ceremony and a few rocks piled upon him. These scoundrels looked too often in the face of death to fear it until it came home to each one separately.

The half hour passed and we set forward again, only this time, in the light, I saw that Roquefort rode at the column's head with another man at his side. My eyes dwelt upon him idly and I wondered who this newcomer could be. He sat his horse well and was richly dressed—so richly that he seemed out of place in this bedraggled, road-stained mob. They were deep in talk, and at one moment Roquefort pointed away to the west. His companion turned his head to follow the gesture, and I caught his profile—there was no mistaking that arched nose, that low forehead, that cruel mouth—it was d'Aurilly!

I clutched my saddle to hold my seat, my emotion shook me so. Then he was the traitor after all! And the plot, of which I had caught but a glimpse, lay before me like an open book. D'Aurilly was to have Mademoiselle; Frosnac could eat his heart out if he chose, or swallow his chagrin, if his gullet were big enough; with Mademoiselle for hostage, M. le Comte could be brought to terms; and as for me—

I would not think of it! Here was I still alive and with my wits to help me. Even at the worst there should be no tearing to pieces, no death by inches. I would find an easier way than that. Yet I do not deny that for an instant I found it in my heart to regret the green fields of Marsan, to regret that I had not been content to remain there quietly and leave these great men to find other pawns to sacrifice. Yet, after all, this was life, this was living, and only the night before I had looked into a pair of eyes and fancied I saw love there. Was not that worth something?

What need to tell more of the journey? Day and night we pushed on, until our horses stumbled under us, over hill, through valley, avoiding the roads, seeking hidden ways, where M. le Comte would not think to follow. And always my guard was about me, until at last I came to see that Roquefort was taking no chcance of losing me—no chance of missing his vengeance. The women were kept to the rear of the column; Fronsac I seldom saw; d'Aurilly passed me by with a sneering smile that turned me hot for murder. Well that I was young and strong, with a boy's hopeful heart, else had despair weighed me down!

'Tis true, Drouet relaxed a little as we journeyed forward and exchanged a word with me now and then, pointing out the features of the country through which we rode or telling some little story of his numberless campaigns with Roquefort. Gruesome stories they were, most of them, of murder, outrage, robbery, for Roquefort's men were not troubled by nice consciences and took, without questioning, all that came to their nets. Nor did their leader concern himself about them, so they went willingly on his business and fought his battles for him.

At noon of the third day we came to Marleon.

"You were asking about the castle," said Drouet suddenly. "Behold it."

I looked with all my eyes, but saw only the tumbled roofs of the little town.

"You look too low," he said. "Higher, on the cliff behind the town."

Then I descried it, and my heart grew cold as I looked at it. Two hundred feet or more the cliff sprang upward, straight as a house's wall and near as smooth—so smooth that no tree nor shrub caught foothold on it. And just at the summit stood the castle, frowning down upon the village like some tireless, merciless watch-dog.

"But to get to it," I ventured, after a moment. "It seems to have been built only for the birds."

"You will see," and Drouet laughed meaningly. "I advise you to look well at the way, Monsieur; you may never have occasion to use it a second time."

"I rode on without replying. What good to bandy words with this scoundrel? But as we drew nearer to the place my heart fell more and more. It might defy the king's army.

The road turned abruptly to the right of the town, and then in again behind a little spur of the mountain. Here the ascent began, and the way at once became so narrow that two horses could not go abreast. On either hand towered the crags, whence a dozen ambushed men might easily pick off a thousand. In and out the path wound and ever upward, until, at last, it stopped before a great gate, barred heavily with iron. I saw how adroitly the path was fashioned, so that not more than two men at a time could approach the gate. A horn sounded, our force was evidently scrutinized with care from within, and then the gate creaked back upon its hinges. In a moment we were in the court, and the word was given to dismount.

"Follow me, Monsieur," said Drouet, without giving me a moment to look about me or to exchange a glance with my friends. 'We have an apartment waiting you."

I followed him silently, but my heart cleared somewhat when I saw him begin to mount a narrow stair. I had feared that I was to be buried in some dungeon underground—anything were better than that—to be shut away from the pure air and bright sunshine! So it was even with a certain cheerfulness that I went up the stair behind him. Up, up we went steadily, until at last I saw we had reached the top. Drouet paused before a little door secured by three bolts sunk deep into the masonry. He threw them back slowly, one by one, that I might contemplate their strength, then pulled the door open.

"Enter," he said, and I stooped and stepped within.

He stood looking after me a moment, then swung the door shut, and I heard him throwing the bolts into place with the same malicious deliberation. Then all was still.

I was in the topmost chamber of the tower looking towards the east—over the town and out across the plain. It was a little room, with walls of great stones there could be no removing, but there was a small window, too narrow, indeed, to permit the passage of my body, and barred with heavy iron, yet wide enough to admit a breath of fresh air and a stream of sunshine. I went to it and stood looking far out across the valley. The fields, the houses, the strip of woods along a little river were cameoed by the bright sunshine and the clear, pure air of the south. But my thoughts were heavy ones, and kept my eyes from perceiving the full beauty of the scene.

As I stood looking so, my eyes caught the movement of a body of men along a road afar off. I watched them listlessly at first, thinking them some mob of peasants en route to a market or merry-making but as they drew nearer I saw that they were mounted, and then the sunlight was caught on glittering armor, on burnished hilts and gleaming spear-points. It was a troop of men armed cap-a-pie—and my heart leaped at the sudden thought that this might be M. le Comte himself—too late by an hour!

Breathlessly I watched them as they drew nearer—I could see that they numbered some three hundred, that they were well mounted and well accoutred. Some of the people of Marleon came out to look at them, and then, after a glance, went hastily in again, closing the gates behind them. I could see them running through the streets, and a noise of many voices floated upward to me, confused and indistinct. Plainly there was something about this troop of horse which caused the good people of the town much uneasiness.

The troop came on slowly and with a certain impressiveness. Just at the city wall they stopped, and then there came mounting to my ears a trumpet's clear note of defiance. A pennant was thrown out upon the breeze—it hung a moment limp, then the wind caught its folds and stretched it so that all might see—azure; on a bend or, a laurel-tree sinople—the arms of Cadillac!

To be Continued.

INSIDE HISTORY

Some Self-Explanatory Letters.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan'y 7, '11.
Dr. E. H. Pratt,
Suite 1202, 100 State St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Doctor:

"Owing to some disagreement with ——— magazine several years ago, they have become quite vituperative, and of late have publicly charged me with falsehoods in my statements that we have genuine testimonial letters.

It has been our rule to refrain from publishing the names either of laymen or physicians who have written to us in a complimentary way, and we have declined to accede to the demand of attorneys that we turn these letters over to them.

"I am asking a few men whom I deem to be friends to permit me to reproduce some of their letters over their signatures in order to refute the falsehoods.

"We have hundreds of letters from physicians, but I esteem the one that you wrote to me in 1906 among the very best, particularly in view of the fact that it recognizes the work I have been trying to do partly through the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'

"I do not sell or attempt to sell the higher thought which is more important than the kind of food, but I have taken considerable pains to extend to humanity such facts as may have come to me on this subject.

"In order that your mind may be refreshed I am herewith enclosing a copy of your good letter, also a copy of the little book, and if you will give me the privilege of printing this over your signature I will accompany the printing with an explantion as to why you permitted its use in publication in order to refute falsehoods, and under that method of treatment I feel, so far as I know, there would be no breach of the code of ethics.

"I trust this winter weather is finding you well, contented and enjoying the fruits that are yours by right.

"With all best wishes, I am"

Yours very truly,
C. W. POST.

Dr. Pratt, who is one of the most prominent and skillful surgeons in America, very kindly granted our request in the cause of truth and justice.

Chicago, Aug. 31, 1906.

Mr. C. W. Post,
Battle Creek, Mich.

My Dear Sir:—

"I write to express my personal appreciation of one of yuur business methods, that of accompanying each package of your Grape-Nuts production with that little booklet, 'The Road to Wellville.' A more appropriate, clear-headed and effective presentation of health-giving auto-suggestions could scarcely be penned.

"Grape-Nuts is a good food in itself, but the food contained in this little article is still better stuff. I commend the practice because I know that the greed and strenuousness, the consequent graft and other types of thievery and malicious mischief generally can never be cured by legislative action.

"The only hope for the betterment of the race rests in individual soul culture.

"In taking a step in this direction, your process has been so original and unique that it must set a pace for other concerns until finally the whole country gets flavored with genuine, practical Christianity.

"I shall do all that lies in my power to aid in the appreciation of Grape-Nuts, not so much for the sake of the food itself as for the accompanying suggestions.

"Visiting Battle Creek the other day with a friend, Dr. Kelly of Evanston, Illinois, while I was consulting with Mr. Gregory, my friend, visited your factories and came away greatly amazed, not only at the luxurious furnishings of the offices generally and the general equipment of the place, but with the sweet spirit of courtesy and kindness that seemed to fill the air with a spiritual ozone that was good to breathe.

"The principles expressed in the little booklet, 'The Road to Wellville,' I well know are practical and they work in business of all kinds, including sanitariums, as will be fairly tested before time is done.

"I know you will not regard this letter of appreciation as an intruding one. It is simply the salutation of good-fellowship to you from a man who, although he has never seen you, feels drawn to you by the kinship of thought.

"The only thing that makes a man live forever in the hearts of his countrymen and his race is the good that he does. Your position in this respect is an enviable one and I wish to extend my congratulations."

Yours respectfully,
E. H. PRATT.

FREE

A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF DAN PATCH 1:55

REPRODUCED IN 14 PERFECTLY BLENDED COLORS BY A MARVELOUS NEW INVENTED "ORIGINAL COLORS" PROCESS. SIZE OF PICTURE 16X22 INCHES

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A SPLENDID, 14 COLORS REPRODUCTION OF THIS PAINTING MAILED ABSOLUTELY FREE IF YOU WRITE ME A POSTAL CARD OR LETTER AND ANSWER 3 QUESTIONS.

WRITE ME TODAY and ANSWER THESE 3 QUESTIONS. 1st. How many head of Each Kind of Live Stock and Poultry do you own? 2nd. In what Paper did you see my offer? 3rd. Have you ever used "International Stock Food" for Horses, Cattle, Sheep or Hogs?

Would you like the Finest 14 Colors Horse Picture ever published in the world of the Fastest Harness Horse in all Horse History? I will mail you one copy, size 16 by 22, promptly and with Postage Prepaid.

If you love a Great Champion I do not believe you would take $10.00 for The Picture I will send you free, if you could not secure another copy. Write Me At Once and this Splendid Picture is yours Free.

YOU MUST ANSWER THE 3 QUESTIONS.

M. W. SAVAGE, Minneapolis, Minn.

DAN PATCH HAS PACED 14 MILES AVERAGING 1:56¼, 30 MILES AVERAGING 1:57½, 73 MILES AVERAGING 1:59½

FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will somebody please tell me why wolf teeth in horses affect the eyes and sometimes cause blindness?—A., Townville, Pa.

Will some reader furnish the Farmstead the recipe for burning out stumps? I cut it out of The Blade at one time but lost it.—B., Beaver, Ore.

How can rainwater in a cistern be cleaned? I mean water that is dark from coal smoke and soot.—S., Sabina, Ohio.

Will somebody kindly tell me how to keep meat from molding after it is smoked?—S., Sabina, O.

Dry cracks come around the ankles of my horse, 6 years old. They also appear on the sides of his legs. There is no moisture. I am unable to find anything that will heal them. They have been that way for more than a year. Who will suggest a remedy?—C., Thurston, Pennsylvania.

I want to feed and fatten about 10 January pigs for the fall and early winter market. Will somebody please tell me a method to follow? I want to do it as cheaply as possible.—H., Gab, West Virginia.

COLORING BUTTER

Dr. Wiley, the head chemist of the government department, does not believe in coloring butter. The oleo men, with a vengeful twinkle in their eyes, assert that it is as much adulteration to color butter as to color oleomargarine. The trade claims that without artificial coloring butter is not marketable. The man who found himself between the devil and the deep blue sea was in an enviable condition compared with those in the butter color row.

Leaving the bustle and strife over the question, we turned the other day to some bound copies of the American Cultivator and the Genesee Farmer of a generation ago, to see how they managed the problem. We got some light on the subject, and also came across some old fashioned advice and suggestions that, despite their age, are quite up to date.

As a coloring for butter one contributor to the Cultivator for 1855 suggests the use of yellow of eggs. Another says butter may be given a deep golden yellow by grinding up and mixing in the pulp of the orange carrot. The editor rather dissents from the second recipe. "The best way that we found for giving the carrot color," he states, "was to pass the roots first through the cows. We have, with nothing more than an average decent cow, made seven pounds of butter per week, much resembling the best grass butter, in the depth of winter, besides using a small portion of the milk daily on the table. This was accomplished by the use of about a peck and a half of the white variety per day." A. L. Smith, of Nichols, N. J., a contributor, suggests to those troubled with white butter to give the cow carrots and yellow corn meal well cooked and salted, together with cut cornstalks.

Are we getting back to old methods? The coloring suggested is vegetable, it is seen. Now the government is showing a disposition to compromise with the trade, agreeing that the creameries use only one kind of coloring matter, called vegetable, but there must be no more of the coal tar dyes or anilines used.

We may not think much of compounding egg yellow or carrot with butter, but here are some things taken from one page of the Genesee Farmer of 1860 that we see repeated today:

Feeding Turnips to Cows—If this is done morning and evening, immediately after milking, no taste of turnips will be discernible in the butter. —Chicago Inter Ocean and Farmer.

FEED THE ORCHARD

Every owner of an orchard should remember that his trees make a growth of root, trunk and branch each year. When trees do this they, of course, draw on the soil for food. How, then, can we expect our trees to make a good growth and yield large crops unless we give them plenty of the right kind of food?

The great trouble is that too many owners of orchards do not see or else overlook the necessity of feeding their fruit trees. They pay much attention to the tree itself, but very little attention to the soil.

It is from the soil that the tree gets most of its strength and nourishment. It is the soil that supplies the three principal elements of plant food—namely, nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash.

There are three parts to the tree—root, stem and leaves. The root takes food and drink from the soil; the stem or trunk carries what the roots have absorbed from the soil up to the leaves, which act for the tree much as the stomach and lungs do for the animal—that is, the leaves digest the food and take carbon from the air. The sap circulates from the leaves to all parts of the trees to increase the growth of the roots, trunk and branches and to form the fruit.

This should make it clear why the orchardist should cultivate and fertilize the soil for this trees. The ashes of fruit trees show a large percentage of lime and potash, indicating that these substances are needed. Usually, sufficient nitrogen can be supplied by green manuring—that is, by plowing under a leguminous crop, such as clover.

Too much nitrogen produces a rank and unnecessary growth of wood. The effect of potash is to give a firm, stocky growth of wood, and it helps to mature plump and nicely colored fruit.

The common practice of growing hay and sowed crops in orchards will often account for the poor growth of the trees and the small yields. When the trees are small vegetable crops can be grown, but the soil should eb thoroughly cultivated. An old orchard should not be plowed very much, but it may be pastured with sheep, etc. The great value of food and thorough cultivation is that it frees the plant food in the soil and allows the air to get to the roots.

It is best to apply each year a proper quantity of fertilizer in the fall and winter. A fair application would be 400 pounds of acid phosphate and 100 pounds of muriate of potash per acre, and then use as top dressing in the spring about 100 pounds of nitrate of soda, or its equivalent, giving nitrogen in some other form. If cover crops, such as clover, are grown the nitrogen application may be dispensed with.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT THE POULTRY YARD

Keep the dust box supplied with nice clean dust, and see that the grit box is never empty.

Keeping many breeds is a poor way to succeed. Get down to one or two varieties and give them the best of care.

If the hens were compelled to work a little harder these days for what grain they get, it would be a good thing for them.

As the new corn gets dry and hard it is safe to feed more than when it was soft and green. It is more easily digested and gives better results.

Never feed meat scraps that were made of rotten meat. Good, pure feed is the only thing that ever ought to be fed to a fowl of any kind.

During winter the drinking vessels must be emptied each evening; it is much easier to do that than to break a solid cake of ice in them the next morning.

If it possibly can be done, clean up the droppings each day. It is work that well repays one. Never allow this cleaning to be delayed longer than a week.

Leaving the birds to fight their own battles against lice and other enemies may save some work, but it will cost some eggs, and eggs are worth money these days.

Do not delay any longer the job of culling out the poor stock. It is a mistake to keep even a single unprofitable fowl. Have the stock up in quality rather than in quantity.

If the hens are fed hot corn for supper, they will go to bed happy these cold winter nights. Feed it just as hot as they can eat it comfortably. Shell some in a baking-pan and stir and heat it in the oven.

As the weather grows colder, increase the supply of corn. It is a heating food. But never feed it alone. A good grain mixture for winter is two parts whole corn, one part each wheat and oats, all well mixed.

Many hens never know what it is to be comfortable from one end of the winter to the other, except on a day when it thaws. You cannot expect hens to do well under such conditions. To do well they must be comfortable.

The worst thing is to make poultry drink ice-cold water. They must warm that water before the work of digestion can go on again. Warm the water for them—not hot, but just comfortably warm.

Start up the trap nests. They are invaluable in pointing out the productive hens as well as the drones. They make it possible, by picking out the poor layers, to get more eggs from a fewer number of hens. That is economy—it saves feed and it gives the workers more room.

It is a good rule to keep fowls indoors during rainy, snowy or windy weather. While the rains during the summer will do no harm to the fowls, the cold rains of winter are injurious. Exposing fowls to bad weather is but to invite sickness. Therefore, the more room in the henhouse, the more contened will the fowls be when confined.

At this time of the year colds may develop in the flock. It is always best to nip these in the bud. In the first stages a one-grain quinine pill each night for a week will be found effective. Remove the fowl to separate and dry quarters. Generally in a week the cold will have disappeared. Colds are caused by exposure, or by closely-built houses, or by overcrowded flocks, making the fowls sweat by night while on the roost and chill when they leave their perch the next morning. Have litter in the house, throwing the grain feed amongst it in the evening at feeding time, and the fowls will start to scratching the moment they get off the roost at break of day. This exercising warms up the blood and puts the fowls in good condition to appreciate and thoroughly digest the morning mash.

Fine Mink Furs for Prize Dogs.

Kansas City Times.

It isn't every dog that can boast of false hair and wear two sets of fur brazenly, just as though it didn't care who knew that one of them was not its own hair. But even the grammar will grudingly admit that there are exceptions to all rules. This time the exception is Osage Lady Jane, owned, controlled and fed by J. P. Lane.

The coat with which Lady Jane will be stepping about in a few days is made of mink and will cost $250. The coat is striped with dark and light mink and has 14 dangling tails. Considering the past records of Lady Jane Mr. Lane doesn't think he is doing too much for the dog.

"She wins in about every show I have exhibited her," Lane said. "She'll be a dazzler in that outfit. It's a shame to hide her natural color and charms with even mink skins, but you know the wind these days is cutting."

Gander in Place of Dog.

Greeley Cor. Denver Republican.

Ganders may take the place of dogs as pets and protectors in Weld county if others can be found as wise and helpful as the gander owned by Harry Wells of Gill. It takes its place on the wagon seat with its owner whenever he goes to town and remains there until home again.

At home it keeps guard over everything and keeps chickens out of the garden. It follows Wells over the fields when he works and is so jealous over him that it will not allow a dog to get near.

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Easy to Restore Natural Color of Your Hair by Simple Method

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For instance, with a newly discovered product which is absolutely harmless, the natural color is restored by a simple treatment that can be supplied by any one in a short time. This scientific treatment is embodied in the Queen Gray Hair Restorer, a liquid preparation that makes any desired shade from the one package, leaving the hair soft and fluffy, and making a lasting color that is not sticky and does not rub off.

The Queen Gray Hair Restorer is instantaneous in its effect and requires but one application to restore the natural color of your hair. It is in two sizes, 50c and $1.00, and can be obtained from the leading drug and department stores throughout the country.

The best hairdressers use it, and sell it to their patrons. If you cannot obtain the Queen Gray Hair Restorer from your local dealer, it will be sent in a plain package on receipt of the price by the Queen Chemical Co., 109 Coal & Iron Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y. A liberal trial treatment mailed, postpaid, for 25c; this size not sold by stores).

CHOICE VI

A Poor Weak Woman

As she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles.

Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most experienced medical advice *free of charge* and in *absolute confidence* and privacy by writing to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years and has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

The most perfect remedy ever devised for weak and delicate women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

The many and varied symptoms of woman's peculiar ailments are fully set forth in Plain English in the People's Medical Adviser (1008 pages), a newly revised and up-to-date Edition, cloth-bound, will be sent on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of wrapping and mailing *only*. Address as above.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Dont' ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

AGNES MAY FLEMING'S BOOKS FREE. The Child of the Wreck, The Heir of Fortune, The Mystery of Blackwood Grange, also The Midnight Marriage, by Emerson Bennett, A Bad Passion, by Ella W. Pierce, and Gaston's Vengeance, by Lucy Lawless, best stirring thrilling love stories all Free if you send us 25c for a year's subscription to our great paper Everyday Life, and include 5c extra to pay postage, etc., 30c in all. Everyday Life, Dept 652 Chicago

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TEXAS SCHOOL LANDS

Over 1,000,000 acres for sale by the state. You can buy 640 acres at $2 an acre; pay $32 cash, balance after forty years; fine farming and fruit land and healthy climate. For further information send 6c postage. Investor Pub. Co., Dept. C, San Antonio, Tex.

$10,000 FOR A SONG RECENTLY PAID. Send us your song poems for examination and offer. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co. Dept. 200, Washington, D.C.

$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Treas., W.L. 174, Chicago.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER COMPANY, X408, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

ONE Commercial graphophone outfit equipped with spring motor and foot power shoving machine, combined recorder and reproducer with racks. Address 207, W. B., care Blade, Toledo, O.

MEN—WOMEN. Make money around home during spare time, selling Mentholo by leaving with families on trial. Sample free; credit given. Leighton Supply, Allegheny, Pa.

I can give you reliable personal information relative to opportunities offered by the south. If interested, write W. W. Jones, Toledo, O.

Dyspeptic.

The Catholic Standard and Times.

"He used to complain because he never got what he wanted to eat."

"Yes, but he's rich now."

"Yes, and now he complains because he never wants what he gets to eat."

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

Please tell what you can about the Thousand Islands.—D. R., Ridgeville Corners, O.

The Thousand Islands form a group in the St. Lawrence river, near Lake Ontario, and extend 60 or 70 miles down the St. Lawrence river. The islands are small but are noted for their beauty. There are over 1,500 in all. The belt of the Laurentian gneiss which extends from the Adirondacks in New York into Canada, is there crossed by the St. Lawrence river. The crystalline rock and glacial deposit forming the river bed presents an uneven surface, some of the points rising above the water form the many islands. A large number of the islands belong to Canada and the others to the state of New York. Handsome summer residences have been erected on many of them, and large hotels furnish accommodations for the many city people who visit the place each summer.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS

Will you please give the number of Indians in the United States, the names of the tribes, where they are located, and what per cent are educated?—V. V. H., Chillicothe, Mo.

In 1904 the Indian population of the United States was 274,706. Those who could read numbered 63,147, and 69,209 could carry on an ordinary conversation in English. The government supports 116 boarding schools and 163 day schools for the Indians.

The existing tribes of North American Indians make quite a long list. We shall give them by states and territories, as follows:

Maine, Penobscot and Passamaquoddy; New York reservations, Senecas, Tuscaroras, St. Regis, Onondagas, Oneidas; North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia, Cherokees; Florida, Seminoles; Indiana, Miamis; Michigan, Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawatomies; Wisconsin, Munsees, Oneidas (from New York), Menominees, Chippewas, Stockbridge (from Massachusetts); Iowa, Sacs and Foxes; Minnesota, mostly Chippewas; Nebraska, Winnebagoes, Poncas, Omahas, Pawnees; Kansas, Munsees, Miamis, Kansas or Kaws, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, Chippewas; North and South Dakota, Sioux, Poncas, Arickarees, Gros Ventres, Mandans; Montana, Blackfeet, Blood, Peigan, Assiniboines, Gros Ventres, Crows, Flatheads, Shoshones, Bannocks Roving Sioux; Wyoming, Shoshones and Arapahoes; Idaho, Nez Perces, Bannocks, Shoshones. Colorado, Utes; Nevada, Utes, Shoshones, Bannocks; Washington, Cour d'Aline, Spokane, Yakama and others; Oregon, Kalamaths, Walla-Wallas, Shoshones and others; California, Yumas, Klamaths and others; Utah, Utes; New Mexico, Pueblos, Navajos, Apaches, Utes; Arizona, Pimas, Youmas, Apaches; Oklahoma, Pottawatomies, Sacs and Foxes, Osages, Kansas, Pawnees, Poncas, Otoes, Missourls. In addition to the above in Oklahoma, the five civilized tribes of that territory are the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles, numbering over 50,000; the Cherokees alone have half this number. In the Indian Territory, now part of the new state of Oklahoma, there are Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Apaches, Kiowas, Comanches, Wichitas, Delawares, Caddos, Shawnees, Miamis, Modocs, Ottawas, Peorias, Quapaws, Senecas, Cayugas, Wyandots.

ALBINISM

Please give an explanation of albinism in the Question Bureau.—W. A., Waterport, N. Y.

Albinism is a condition in which there is a congenital absence of pigment in the hair, eye and skin. Animals so affected are albinos. Albinism is also present in flowers of many if not all plants, white flowers occurring among those of other color on the same plant. Albinos have been known among all races and all peoples, hence neither climate nor race are its causative factors. Rare in many races, it occurs frequently in others, as for instance in the Zuni and other tribes of Arizona. The most widely accepted theory is that the condition is due to an arrest of the development of the pigment layers in the embryo. Affections of the eye are the most important disagreeable features for albinos, otherwise they may be a well developed in body and in mind as normal man.

PHILADELPHIA CITY HALL

Will you please give a description of the city hall of Philadelphia?—W. B. B., Rockwell, Ia.

The city hall of Philadelphia is built on the Renaissance style. It covers four and one-half acres, is 90 feet high in front, the central pavilion is 303 feet and the tower is 547 feet, 11¼ inches, being 2⅜ feet shorter than the Washington monument, which it was intended to exceed. It is 470 feet square, has 15 acres of floor and has cost $25,000,000.

THE PANAMA CANAL

Will you please tell about the work done on the Panama canal by the French and its purchase by the United States?—L. N., New Philadelphia, Ind.

The company to build the canal was organized by the eminent French engineer, M. de Lesseps, the builder of the Suez canal. He went to Panama in 1879, examined the route and returned to Europe to get up the company. The canal was to be 46 miles long, with locks. The engineers began to survey the route early in 1881. Work began late that year, and in 1883 there were several thousand workmen employed. By 1888 the company had expended 1,400,000,000 francs ($280,000,000), and the work was not half completed. To raise more money, the French government authorized a lottery, but subscriptions were very disappointing. The company became bankrupt in December, 1888. An inquiry commission was appointed, which reported, in May, 1900, that 900,000,000 francs would be required to complete the work ($180,000,000). In September, 1891, the scheme collapsed, a legal inquiry was demanded, and astounding frauds were discovered. The machinery went to ruin.

The Panama canal was purchased in the year 1903, but work was not commenced on it until 1906. Representatives from Panama and the United States conducted the negotiations. Panama ceded the land necessary for the canal to the United States by a treaty which said: The zone of land and land under water of the width of 10 miles, extending to the distance of five miles on each side of the center of the route, to begin in the Caribbean sea, three marine miles from the low water mark, and extending to and across the Isthmus of Panama into the Pacific ocean to a distance of three marine miles from mean low water mark, with the proviso that the cities of Panama and Colon, and the harbors adjacent to said cities, which are included within the boundaries of the zone described, shall not be included within the grant.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Please tell about the origin of Sunday schools in the Question Bureau.—E. W., Emienton, Pa.

The first Sunday schools were established in England. At first the movement was not looked upon with favor by the people of New England. It was regarded as a menace to the sacredness of the Sabbath, and also as an infringement of home duties. The Protestant Sunday school, as it stands today in this country, may be said to have had the real beginning in Philadelphia, December 19, 1790, when 12 persons held a meeting and decided to begin the work. Schools had been established in the United States shortly after Raikes had begun his work, but they existed more as local institutions. On January 11, 1791, a society was established in Philadelphia which had for its object the support of Sunday schools. Bishop William White was president, and Matthew Carey was the secretary. The American Sunday School Union, on its 75th anniversary, had 100,928 schools with a membership of 4,070,346 pupils and 578,680 teachers.

MOUNT M'KINLEY

Please tell what you can about the highest mountain in North America.—H. A., Cambridge Springs, Pa.

Mount McKinley, a peak of the Rocky Mountains which is 20,464 feet in height, the highest of all the peaks in North America, is south of the central part of Alaska, and about 155 miles north of Cook inlet. The fact that this was the highest land on the continent was not known until a man named Dickey explored the Sushitna river and the land near its source in 1896. He named it in honor of one of our presidents. In 1903 it was visited by the members of the U. S. geological survey.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL

Please give an explanation of the civil rights bill. When was it introduced into congress?—G. B., Clifton, N. C.

The civil rights bill was introduced into congress in the year 1866. Its object was to protect the civil rights of the southern negroes, then recently emancipated. It declared all persons born in the United States and not subject to a foreign power, except Indians, to be citizens enjoying the same rights as white citizens in regard to property contracts, and entitled to all the civil rights of citizens. A violation of the civil rights of the citizens before mentioned was made a misdemeanor, the cognizance of which was given exclusively to the federal courts; federal officers were designated to enforce the execution of the law; the President was empowered to send these officers to any point at which such violation were feared, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States, or militia, in enforcing the act. President Johnson vetoed the act March 27, and early in April it was passed over the veto. An amendment to this act, seeking to prevent discrimination against negroes on the part of common carriers, innkeepers, theatre managers and school teachers was proposed as an amendment to the amnesty act of 1872 by Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, but it failed. Two similar bills failed twice later, and it was not until 1875 that it became a law. In 1883 the supreme court declared as much of the act of 1875 as related to its operation in the states to be unconstitutional, leaving its operation unhampered in the District of Columbia and the territories.

TANNING SKINS

Will you please tell me through the columns of The Blade how to tan deer skins?—W. L., Sheridan, Mich.

An excellent plan for tanning any kind of skins with the fur on is to proceed as follows: Cut off all the useless parts, soak the skin in order to soften it, then remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak the skin in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre and glauber salts (sulphate of soda), in the proportion of about ½ ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste. Spread this mixture with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner; double the skin together, flesh side inwards, and place it in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean, and apply, in the same manner as before, a mixture of 1 ounce of salsoda, ¼ ounce of borax and 2 ounces of hard white soap, melted slowly together without being allowed to boil, fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this, dissolve 4 ounces alum, 8 ounces salt and 2 ounces saleratus, in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for 12 hours; then wring it out and hang it up to dry. When dry repeat this soaking and drying two or three times, till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sandpaper and pumice stone.

ROBERT FULTON

I would like to have you give me a short sketch of the life of Robert Fulton.—A O. D. G., Greensburg, Ind.

Robert Fulton, the American inventor, was born in 1765, and died in 1815. He was first a miniature painter in Philadelphia. Then he went to London in 1786, where he became a pupil of Benjamin West and an inmate of his house. Later Fulton took up civil engineering, devising an improved mill for sawing marble, and invented machines for spinning flax and for making ropes, and an excavator for scooping out canals and aqueducts. In 1797 he settled in Paris, where he devised the submarine boat, connected with which were submarine bombs, afterwards known as torpedoes. Having failed to induce either the French or English governments to adopt this invention, he returned to the United States and obtained from congress an appropriation for experiments. Various reports were made by the commissioners, but Commodore Rodgers pronounced Fulton's system impracticable. Fulton constructed a working model of a steamboat, 1803, and soon afterwards completed a vessel, which did not move with satisfactory speed. Four years later he finished a boat named the Clermont, equipped with an engine made in England, which obtained on the Hudson a speed of five miles an hour. Fulton and Robert Livingston were granted the exclusive privilege of navigating the waters of the state by steam.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

I would like to have you give me a short biography of Albert Sidney Johnston.—A. G. M., Ozark, Ill.

Albert Sidney Johnston, the soldier, was born in 1803 and died in 1862. He graduated from West Point and served in the Black Hawk war. He resigned his commission and emigrated to Texas in 1836, where he entered the Texan army as a private and rose to chief command, holding the office until 1838, when he became secretary of war for Texas. In the beginning of the war with Mexico he first commanded a regiment of volunteers, was later made inspector general on the staff of Gen. Butler, and distinguished himself at Monterey. He was reappointed as paymaster in the army with rank of major in 1849; was commissioned colonel in the United States cavalry, 1855. Johnston commanded the military force sent to Utah to compel obedience to federal authority, and was breveted brigadier general. He resigned in 1861 and entered the Confederate army as a general. At first he was assigned to an important command in the west and was commander-in-chief at the battle of Shiloh. On the first day of that engagement he was killed.

THE REFERENDUM

Please give an explanation of the referendum.—D. P. B., Braddock, N. D.

Referendum is a reference to the popular vote of a question whether a measure shall become a law. American state constitutions and amendments thereto are adopted by popular vote, and special measures are sometimes submitted by legislative action to the decision of the electors. In some cantons of Switzerland a method resembling the referendum has been practiced since the sixteenth century. According to the Swiss amendments must be ratified by the Swiss electorate before they become law. Other measures must be submitted to the popular vote. From 1874 to 1891, out of 149 laws 27 were referred to te people; of these 15 were rejected. The referendum is now generally regarded as a check on hasty and class legislation.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. S., Elihu, Ky.—We cannot give you the name of any publishing house or other firm in these columns.

E. E., Andover, N. Y.—The rules of the Question Bureau state that no question will be answered that involves religious discussion.

M. L. D., Quinque, Va.—Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C. for the information you want.

E. S. S., Mt. Lake Park, Md.—To answer your question in these columns would take too much space.

B. B., Athens, Tenn.—See a lawyer for answer to your question.

C. U., Lagrange, Ind.—The book called The Danger Trail can be secured at all bookstores.

E. K., Hartsburg, Ill.—The names of the members of the President's cabinet were given in The Blade of Dec. 15, 1910.

T. D. E., Cameron, W. Va.—Your question has been answered in these columns recently.

The Amiability of Murderers

Current Literature.

It is a common superstition, revived at every famous trial, that the murderer in aspect and character should conform accurately with a conventional form of savagery, observes The British Medical Journal, in the course of a study of the psychology of murder. The public, it says, is disappointed at each tragedy because the criminal does not bear upon his forehead the brand of Cain. Yet a little knowledge, adds our London authority, a more vivid memory of the past, might convince the least imaginative that the murderer in his hours of ease is most often a kindly, amiable and sympathetic gentleman, as long as his will, at once violent and infirm, be not thwarted.

Evidence afforded by the record of murder trials is uniform, our contemporary thinks, and irresistible on this point. Turn to whatever period you will, there is the same tale to tell. The motive and the impulse never vary. Men kill for greed, for hate, or for the desire to be rid of what seems at the moment an encumbrance. Their character and temperament seem wholly detached from the crime which brings them to the penalty of death. "Amiable," "kind hearted," "good tempered," "one of the nicest men I ever knew"—these are some of the tributes paid to Crippen, for example, by his friends, and they may be matched over and over again in the annals of murder.

NO COLDS IN CAMPAIGN

Sherman's Soldiers Did Not Sneeze for Three Months.

People with the fad for outdoor living could back up their theories with testimony from an unexpected quarter if they would consult the "Home Letters of General Sherman."

These letters, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, were not written for public perusal or with any thought that they would afterward be made public. On page 339 one finds parts of letters written "In the Field, Goldboro, N. C., April, 1865:

"I have been trying to get some pay to send you, for I suppose you are 'short,' but the paymasters cannot catch up, and in a few days I will be off again. I have pay due since January 1, and yet was unable, the other day, to buy a pair of shoes which I need. I have those big boots you sent me from Cincinnati, but the weather is getting very warm and they are too close and heavy.

"They stood me a good turn, however, in the last march, when for weeks we were up to our eyes in mud and water. When we got here the army was ragged and hard up, but already our new clothing is issued and we challenge the world to exhibit a finer looking set of men, brawny, strong, swarthy, a contrast to the weak and sickly looking fellows that came to me in Kentucky three years ago.

"It is a general truth that men exposed to the elements don't catch cold, and I have not heard a man cough or sneeze for three months, but were these men to go into houses in a month the doctors would have half of them. Now the doctors have no employment. I myself am very well," etc.

This was, as readers will remember, in the midst of one of the most trying and strenuous military campaigns in modern history records. In this army were nearly 100,000 men; they marched nearly every day, and on scant rations and with many privations; they marched in swamps, as the general says, "up to their eyes in mud and water," and they slept in just such environment with wet feet and drenched clothes; often it was a problem to find a place to lie down where the water was not so deep as to drown them when recumbent; they gathered branches from trees and rails from fences where they could find them, and when they had time gathered moss and twigs to cover the corduroy of their couches to keep them drier and out of the water, and thus slept in the open, and their general says, "I have not heard a man cough or sneeze for three months."

Unhealthful.

For near a thousand years Rome sat on her seven hills. Then she began to decline.

"These sedentary pursuits do tell on one sooner or later!" sighed the Mistress of the World.

Meanwhile the learned doctors were making all sorts of guesses as to what ailed her.

Knew His Man.

National Monthly.

A six-year-old attended divine worship with his father and mother. The text was "And the Lord Formed Man Out of the Dust of Mother Earth." The minister described very vividly how God had made man out of clay, and caught the attention of the little boy who sat in his seat with his eyes riveted upon the minister through the whole sermon.

While his mother was preparing the Sunday dinner the six-year-old went out into the back yard, through which ran a small stream of water. He conceived the idea of making a man. So he gathered up a handfull of clay and began to mold it into human form. It was a difficult task, for the neck would be crooked, the limbs were unshapely and lacked uniformity. While in the midst of his task his mother called him to dinner. He left his unfinished man lying on the edge of the stream. In the meantime a neighbor's boy came walking along the creek and kicked the bit of clay into the stream.

The six-year-old returned from dinner and was for a time seriously disappointed at the disappearance of his man. But he was much encouraged to see tracks of a human foot in the sand leading away. He began to think that he had been more successful than he had anticipated.

Some weeks later his father took him to the county fair. He noticed in the crowd a somewhat elderly gentleman who was somewhat stooped; one limb was shorter than the other. The little fellow followed him about, looking at him very closely, and with seeming curiosity. Finally the old man becoming vexed at the close scrutiny of the boy, turned and said: "See here, what are you eyeing me like that for?" Said the little fellow: "I'd like to know why you ran away before I got you finished."

Live Eagle Under His Arm.

Kansas City Journal.

With a live eagle measuring six feet six inches from tip to tip of its wings under his arm, Dr. J. C. McLaughlin, 308 Junction building, created considerable interest yesterday on the streets.

The bird was shot by Dr. McLaughlin, on his ranch near Moran, Kan. A rifle was used and the ball took effect in the bird's wing, which paralyzed it temporarily and enabled him to capture it alive. The wing has healed now and the bird, being young, was shipped here.

A Veteran Telegrapher.

Boston Globe.

Presient Clowry, the retiring head of the Western Union Telegraph Co., on Thanksgiving Day sent messages to many of the company's older managers expressing regret at the severing of official relations with long time associates. Among them was one to Chatham's veteran manager, Ziba Nickerson, probably the oldest active operator in the country, who sent the following reply: "My compliments to our retiring president. I have served 55 years as manager at the elbow town of Cape Cod and am still in the harness at the age of 87."

Comfort for Women.

New York Tribune.

Women with regular features, peaches-and-cream complexions, melting eyes and swanlike necks needn't plume themselves on their beauty any longer. They are no more beautiful than the woman with a squint and a double chin. M. Rodin, the sculptor, says so. At least he says that every human being is beautiful, one as much so as another. Nature is never, under any circumstances, ugly.

This is really very comforting, but it will be a trifle hard on the beauty doctor when women see the light as M. Rodin has, for if pimples and cross eyes are as lovely as smooth skins and straight eyes naturally his or her occupation will be gone.

But think of the saving in money to husbands! Think of the heartburnings that will cease and leave sweet peace in their place when the woman who weighs 300 pounds can proudly bedeck herself and go forth, knowing that she is every whit as charming as the woman with a 22-inch waist!

The only trouble will be in getting the men to accept this doctrine. Men have a ridiculous predilection for cherry lips and a stagelike carriage. All literature proves this, from Homer to the records of the last divorce suit. The masculine mind will have to be changed considerably before a man will die for a woman with pale eyes and a No. 7 foot as ardently and joyously as for the other kind.

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Hot Water Bags No. 10—A necessity, not a luxury, indispensable in any home for any case of sickness, for cramps, pains, cold feet or for warming the bed. May's Self-Comfort Bag is of finest white rubber and guaranteed water tight—holds two full quarts and costs from $1.00 to $1.25 everywhere—our cut price 69c. We sell 2000 of these bags every week. Add 14c for postage.

Abdominal Supporters No. 11—All grades—elastic silk, thread, linen, etc., from $2.00 to $18.00—specials made to order at surprises. May's Special Elastic Supporters made of best elastic—give perfect support—adapt themselves to body—especially useful during pregnancy—our price, $2.25; 11c additional for postage. Send for our measurement sheet, free.

Rubber Gloves No. 12—Protect the hands in dish washing, scrubbing, sweeping, preserving, gardening and all household duties, also good for whitening the hands. May's Keystone Gloves are strong and are guaranteed against defects—regular 75c value—our cut price, 39c; 5c additional for postage. State size kid glove you wear and for what purpose wanted, when ordering.

Quinine Pills No. 14—Bottle of 100 Quinine Pills each containing 2 grains pure Quinine Sulphate. They dissolve quickly in the stomach. At any other store you probably pay 10c for a dozen—our cut price for a bottle of 100, 25c. 4c additional for postage.

Fountain Syringes No. 15—For all kinds of vaginal, rectal, infant and other douches—indispensable to women. May's Special Syringe with decorated rose, soft rubber 2 quart bag of first quality, 5½ feet of soft rubber nasal flow tubing, metal regulator or shut off, and hard rubber pipes, cost from other places—our price 98c. 14c additional for postage.

May's Hair Dye No. 17—Helps women complete Nature's trinity. May's Hair Dye colors the hair any desired shade and restores gray or bleached hair to its natural color. One application acts immediately and lasts for months. Leaves hair soft and glossy and permits curling, crimping and bathing. Absolutely harmless. Best hair dressers use it. Black, brown, dark, medium and light drab, blonde and auburn. Worth $1.50; cut price, 89c. 18c extra for transportation (give your express address.)

"Female" Syringes No. 16—May's Favorite Whirl Spray Syringe made entirely of rubber; red rubber bulb with curved hard rubber tube, and soft rubber sliding shield—quick acting, recommended by physicians—best vaginal Syringe on the market for convenience, safety, comfort and effectiveness—cut price 82.69c. 12c additional for postage.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGE No. 18—Every man who wears one appreciates the comfort—May's J. P. style—cotton with strong elastic, and durable perforated sack. State whether large, medium or small size is wanted. 50c value at the cut price of 25c. 3c additional for postage.

Women's Sanitary Napkins No. 19—Otherwise known as Vulva Pads and mothery Pads. Full size and exceptionally good quality—made of sterilized gauze well filled with absorbent cotton—box of ½ dozen—May's cut price, 19c. 5c additional for postage.

Insect Powder No. 20—May's Genuine Persian Insect Powder is harmless to human beings and domestic animals, but insures the total extermination of roaches, water bugs, ants, fleas, bed bugs, moths, and all forms of vermin life on birds, animals, plants, etc. Put up to be dusted about. In cylindrical wooden boxes about two inches in diameter and about six in. high. May's cut price 19c. 6c additional for postage.

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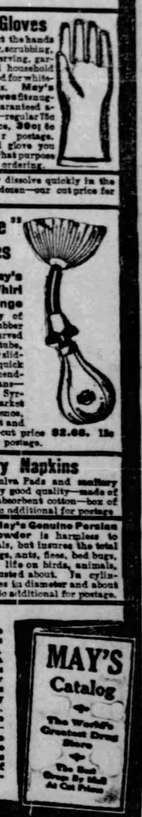

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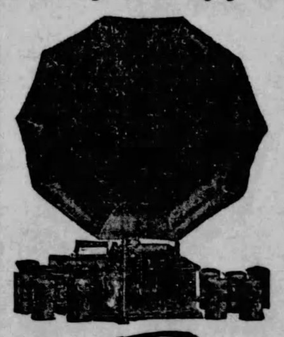

Just set the machine up in your parlor, invite your friends in, and hear the new style, clear-toned and "improved process" records. Listen to the new operas, the latest ballads and popular, up-to-date coon songs, ragtime and other airs just out. Hear Sousa's band, listen to hilarious minstrel jokes and quartets, as well as the good old melodies the "old folks" used to sing.

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The Edison brings to you without one cent cost the best singers, the most famous bands and orchestras and cleverest entertainers of the stage. It will afford your family the cleanest and most delightful amusement and you will wonder how you ever "got along" without it.

Thomas A. Edison

If you already have one of these machines send for catalog of the new style, clear-toned and non-scratching "Improved Process" **RECORDS** This catalog is free for the asking.

NOTE It affords music for dancing. It soothes the patient in the sick room. It serves as accompaniment for singing. It teaches you all the late songs—words and music. It cheers up the home. It tickles grandpa and baby both. It entertains everybody.

All I ask you to do is to fill in coupon and I will send you free catalogs, free record lists of 1500 latest productions and full details of above remarkable offer.

WRITE TODAY—Do not put it off.

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Without any obligations on me, please send me your Great Edison Catalog, free and prepaid, and full explanation of your Free Loan Phonograph Trial Offer.

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Just fill out this coupon; no letter necessary

"Two bottles Cured My Rheumatism"

"I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for about two years, and have used many liniments and patent medicines which gave me no relief. A lady friend of mine told me she had used your Liniment and found relief at once. I got two bottles and they cured me. I think it is the best Liniment a person can have in the house. I shall always keep a bottle in my house as long as I can get it."—MRS. E. R. WALLACE, Morrisons, Va.

Another Letter.

MRS. JAMES MCGRAW, of 1216 Mandeville St., New Orleans, La., writes:—"I take pleasure in writing to you that I had a pain in my arm for five years, and I used

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

No Greased Pigs

A greased pig is hard to catch and hard to hold after it is caught. It is not so with opportunities that offer themselves in a legitimate way. They may be taken advantage of without great difficulty. The Blade's advertising columns present many opportunities. They are not greased pig propositions. Wide-awake readers should not let them get by.

A has-been likes to tell how he used to do things.

Very few of the aeroplane accidents have been the result of plain sailing.

It doesn't take much practice to do the wrong thing at the wrong time.

It is about time that people lost interest in hearing Dr. Cook called a liar.

Perhaps more men would go back to the farm if they could make the trip in a touring car.

Senator Bailey may decide, before 1912, that he is the one man fitted to lead the Democracy.

After a man has lived to be a hundred years old he can tell almost anything and get away with it.

"He who laughs last laughs best," but the crowd is usually gone by the time the last laugh is due.

"The battleship Arkansas is the greatest fighting machine afloat." And there is not a fight in sight.

A lecturer says that journalists are born, not made. He must have stolen the idea from some journalist.

Last year the United States mined silver worth over $30,000,000. Enough to line quite a number of clouds.

The old men are being crowded out. In North Carolina there is a grandfather who is only 33 years of age.

True to the men who voted for him, Hon. John W. Kern goes to the senate wearing his campaign whiskers.

Pennsylvania reports hens that will neither lay nor sit. That's the kind that ought to be put in cold storage.

A Kansas man died while smoking a Christmas cigar. We haven't heard what the coroner had to say about it.

Oregon is training the referendum, and hopes to have it performing some wonderful stunts within a short time.

Two Washington preachers are having a dispute as to the location of hell. They don't seem to be using the same map.

Everything is coming so easy for Champ Clark that he may decide to accept the Democratic presidential nomination.

Much is being said of Caruso's achievement in singing a baby to sleep. We've done the same thing more than once.

It is reported that farmers are not buying as many automobiles as formerly. Maybe they are thinking of aeroplanes.

If Peary came no nearer than 1.6 miles of the Pole how did he nail the American flag to it. Referred to some carpenter.

Vice President Sherman doesn't want another term. The average vice president always knows when he has had enough.

A woman suffrage bill will be introduced in the Indiana legislature. Trouble for the legislators and tears for the women.

Speaker Cannon has refused to pose with a corncob pipe in his mouth. Uncle Joe is usually too consistent to lose his identity.

The story is told of a man who, being chased by a woman, threw himself out of a fifth-story window. It was a narrow escape.

The court decision to the effect that hens are not birds won't change the opinion of the man who owns two or three dozen winter layers.

Sixty thousand new worlds have been discovered by a California scientist. But nothing like that will cause us to love this old world less.

According to English newspapers American sailors, while in London, had "a doleful expression of countenance." They ought to see 'em in a fight.

Nearly every legislature in the country is being overwhelmed with bills. It requires some statesmanship to keep the country from being lawridden.

Some bright western farmer has made the discovery that an automobile, left out in the fence corner, can't stand winter weather any better than a harvesting machine.

Beatrice Forbes-Robertson says women will cease going through the pockets of their husbands when they are given the right to vote. Another good way to stop them is to keep the pockets empty.

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE TARIFF.

The revision of the tariff under Democratic control of the house—a program for which, the dispatches from Washington inform us, is to be formulated on Thursday—will be carried through, if at all, against well-defined Democratic principles. This must be admitted when the action of the Democrats at the special session two years ago is recalled. True, the Democrats in congress, with a few exceptions, voted against the Payne bill upon its final passage, but this was only a purely political measure, a trick to establish records. For when each schedule was taken up the Democrats were to be found in the thick of the fray, struggling for advantages for their districts, demanding protection for the industries of their states. Florida did not obtain its high duty on pineapples without log-rolling. To gain it, votes had to be cast for the protection of other schedules. The fight put up for sugar in Louisiana preceded the meeting of congress. A senator was elected by declaring himself a "protective Democrat." The duty on lumber might have been wiped out had not the southern and the far western Democrats traded their votes in exchange for the maintenance of duties. Everyone will remember that Tillman asked for a duty on tea. Bailey thundered that the Democratic party had never declared for free raw materials, Texas protesting at the time against unrestricted importation of hides.

Should the Democrats undertake a full revision of the tariff, it will be because they wish to make the most of the Republican discomfiture following the unsatisfactory revision of 1909. The responsibility for that tariff law was placed at the doors of the Republicans, but the truth is that both parties were responsible. In any new revision the Democrats must reverse their positions. They must make sacrifices little to their taste and having vast possibilities for trouble with state resources and home industries. Had the idea for a tariff commission come from a Democratic source there is no doubt that it would have the fullest endorsement with the Democrats who are to frame a program on Thursday. The fact that it didn't sticks in their craws and the indications are that they will not have the broadness or the shrewdness to give the commission their endorsement.

TO SUPPRESS THE FRESHMEN.

The principal duties of the new arrival in the national house of representatives are: first, to learn that though he is a very important man in the home district, he amounts to little or nothing in Washington; second, to get a speech or two into the Congressional Record under the "leave to print" rule.

The Democrats, preparing their program for the next congress when they shall have come into control, have decided to simplify one of the duties of the newcomer and to make the other more difficult to discharge. There will be so many new faces in the house next December that, by mere courage of numbers, the novitiates might assert themselves, make their presence known and upon occasion become annoyingly apparent as parts of the scene. So the old timers, the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, are mapping a course of action which will keep the beginners down, inform them as to their place and compel them to suck substance from the cud of humility. Thus the first duty of the congressman will be lightened. The "leave to print" custom has been rather liberally extended in the past. It was difficult to deny a representative the right to use up some of Uncle Sam's printing funds so long as the request carried with it a promise not to bore the house with a long-winded speech. But the Democrats perceive a value in the rule. They purpose capitalizing it. They will extend it grudgingly and only in exchange for such small favors as standing by the machine and furnishing entirely dependable votes when and where required.

The new congressman in other years has been about as big as a minute. Beginning on the first Monday of next December he will have shrunk to the dimensions of a second.

REGULATING THE FRANK.

A bill introduced into the United States senate provides for such regulation of the postal privilege that the government may know at any time which department uses the privilege most, which ignores and abuses the regulations. The one thing to be said against the bill is that it calls for congressional endorsement. This is the thing it is least likely to obtain. For it would perform two services. It would put a damper upon congressmen who employ the franking privilege for every purpose, from transporting their household furniture to the distribution of their wives' social correspondence. It would rob a number of hypocrites of an opportunity to denounce their fellow congressmen for practices of which they themselves are as equally guilty.

EXPORT TRADE WANING.

The latest government report upon the foreign trade lends weight to the assertions of many economists that we shall soon cease to become an exporting nation. The exports of 1910 had a total value of $1,864,411,270, made up of $530,156,515 worth of raw cotton, $95,704,078 of breadstuffs, $197,933,357 of meat and dairy products, $85,571,319 of mineral oils, $90,000,000 of copper, $40,000,000 of coal and $55,000,000 of lumber. In ten years the gain in exports has been about 26 per cent, contrasting with a gain of 90 per cent in imports. While the inward and outward commerce of 1910 exceeded that of 1907 by $80,000,000 the exports of last year were $60,000,000 less than in 1907, making an increase of imports over the year 1907 of $140,000,000. A significant point in the report is that which shows a vast increase in the importation of such raw materials as copper, chemicals and rubber. Of copper and chemicals one might think that this country could meet all its needs from her own mines and factories.

Study of the "Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance," carried up to December 1 last, shows increases in importations over 1908 and 1909 of cattle and horses, sheep, poultry and other farm animals, breadstuffs, raw cotton, meat and dairy products and seeds. These increases in imports have been made in spite of the record breaking crops of the last two years and a great gain in the value of American farm products, with an attendant incentive to putting more acreage under cultivation.

The country, at this rate, will be absorbing all its products in a few years besides leaning upon the production of other countries.

LACE CURTAINS
Premiums for February.

By February 1, all subscribers whose time expires next month will have received our propositions for renewal. So well are our lace curtains known and appreciated, the demand for them is greater than heretofore. There is a growing tendency among those who last year sent in clubs of four, to increase their clubs to 10 in order to get a pair of curtains free.

But little more time is taken to raise a club of ten, and the additional reward certainly justifies the effort.

THE INCONSISTENT KEIFER.

General Keifer has joined the forces of those who are opposed to the fortification of the Panama canal, quoting, as other opponents have quoted, from an entirely mythical treaty and drawing misleading comparisons with the agreements governing the Suez canal traffic. There exists no barrier whatsoever to our right to fortify the waterway. There exists every compulsion for our providing for the protection of the property of the United States, for making it plain to the world that the canal is ours and will be conducted legitimately for our own defensive advantage. General Keifer has voted time after time for the defense of the seaboard cities. He would vote for fortifications for the ports of Ohio if there were need of them. His course toward the Panama canal is both inconsistent and dangerous.

FUSSY LAW-MAKERS PASSING?

Is the crop of freak bills falling off? Though the news from the various state legislatures has been flowing in for two or three weeks we have noted only the bill fixing the length of women's skirts, that defining the attitude of ticket sellers toward the public and the proposal in Ohio to put the responsibility for a class of civil lawsuits upon the shoulders of the grand jury.

The yield does not show up well. It compares very poorly with the production of other seasons. The bills we cite are a colorless lot when brought into into contrast with the measures providing for an extra inch in the length of shirt tails, so that a depressed cotton market might be bettered. Who would care to read of the regulation of the smirks of the box-office men if in the same issue of the paper one should read that another attempt were made to declare by law the circumference of a circle three times the diameter instead of three times and an awkward fraction? The interest in piling monumental work upon the grand juries is nothing when beside the interest in making it unlawful to shave oneself, in making it a punishable offense for common carriers to build their own watertanks and in informing the saloonkeeper what he might or might not serve for free lunch. It will be a sad blow to the public amusement if the freak bill is to disappear from the face of the earth. An increase in the intelligence and common sense of legislators will not prove acceptable compensation.

THE TWO DEMOCRACIES.

"There are two ways of revising the tariff," said Champ Clark at Baltimore. "One by a general bill and the other by particular bills for particular schedules or even particular bills for particular items. The consensus of opinion among Democrats seems to be that we should proceed to revise it by separate bills, taking up the most obnoxious schedules first."

"For my part," said Senator Bailey, "I believe the only way to revise a bill like the Payne-Aldrich act is to cut its head off. Every schedule in it is bad. I am not willing to take one out and leave another there. Take them all out. As between rotten apples, there is no choice."

Here are two samples of Democratic opinion and samples also of the legislation to be expected in the next congress. Mr. Clark speaks for the position the Democrats of the house will take. Mr. Bailey indicates what the senate minority will do. Mr. Clark realizes that the irritation of the country with a tariff bill is due more to the disturbance of business and industry than with a tariff act itself. He wants to save his party and himself from the effects of that irritation. Mr. Bailey, having done very well for himself as a member of the minority, cares little for the fate and comfort of his party.

Whichever self-interest has the heavier weight in the next congress will decide the form and color of the new tariff.

It is not often that we read of the best man winning at a wedding.

LIFE AND MONEY.

Germany once lost a submarine. She also noted the fact that France had suffered three or four such disasters and England more than one. Germany did not issue a raft of orders impossible to carry out, disgrace a naval officer or two and content herself with that. Instead, she provided every submarine with tanks of pure oxygen and a craft which could grapple a disabled boat, and bring it to the surface in a juffy. The two provisions for safety saved the lives of a crew the other day, prevented the necessity for a great funeral and an elaborate court-martial. The United States has not suffered the loss of a submarine, but no one can say that she cannot. Yet, so far as we have ever heard, there exists no boat in the navy which can lift a submarine above the waves and rescue imprisoned seamen. Any accident which would disable the propelling mechanism for any length of time would mean death and that attended with terror and torture.

The entire military establishment of Germany is builded upon the principle that life is more valuable than money. The vast armament constitutes a mighty burden, but once the army takes the field it can deliver a terrific shock which probably not enemy it might have in the world could recover from. Her navy, being of the heaviest type and the most costly, would strike a blow with every expectation of putting an opponent completely out of business. All this means the expenditure of immense sums of money and also the conservation of the lives of Germans.

A LITTLE BRIBERY.

A burglar jimmies a window, ransacks a house and carries away a plate of cold biscuit and a stove lifter.

A bank officer determines to loot his institution, but thinking better of it takes only a sack of Mexican dollars held for a rise in the premium.

A cutthroat attacks a belated citizen, but, charmed by his victim's courtesy and good fellowship, lets him go after slashing his clothes.

If, as the majority of the senate committee on privileges and elections think a little bribery is pardonable, then there should be no punishment for the housebreaker, the crooked bank officer and the hold-up man who didn't go as deeply into crime as they had set out to.

TO INSURE AERONAUTS.

Insurance is more nearly related to gambling in England than it is in this country. Indeed, where bets are taken upon the changes of weather, the health of monarchs and the moods of judges, insurance is but a milder name for gambling. It is only natural, then, it should be at Lloyds' that the idea of insuring aeronauts and their vehicles first gains serious consideration. In an English periodical appears a plan for capitalizing and managing an aerial insurance company. It is proposed to call aeronautical experts and insurance authorities together for the purpose of standardizing aeroplanes and airships, establishing a system of inspection and fixing a premium basis. It is argued that though there might be losses at the outset, while flying is still in its infancy, the business would pay tremendously as safety increased and skill became greater. The presentation of the scheme is plainly an invitation to capital. And capital might very well be expected to accept it in a country where actresses have taken out insurance upon their success in a new play, fiddlers for their fingers and competitors upon the chances of winning prizes at a dog show.

COLD STORAGE.

As the cold storage plants disgorge their accumulations there is a renewal of the unfavorable comment upon the food products which have been kept in such warehouses. One reads again of the ancient eggs brought into the markets after years of imprisonment. Poultry of a former administration appears once more. Beef and pork, vegetables and fruit, are treated by writers and cartoonists as objects whose age, if not worthy of respect, is certainly an important matter of interest.

Undoubtedly material has been carried too long in some of the storage plants. But this, in the very nature of the business, could have been only a fraction of the whole. It is not so long since experts declared that food could be preserved indefinitely when frozen. There were inspectors who said they noted no change in food after it had been months and years in cold storage. The real facts as to the effect of freezing upon meats are of comparative recent knowledge.

We have been able to buy eggs in winter time so long that it has been forgotten that once eggs were virtually unpurchasable between the time the hens ceased laying in the fall and when they resumed their duties in the spring. Cold storage has made it possible for the housekeeper to obtain eggs any day in the year. It has made the supply of meat independent of the conditions of country roads and winter shipping facilities upon the railroads. It has given the retail market fruits and vegetables at times when they could not be obtained from the source of supply at any price.

The cold storage plants constitute a great modern and scientific convenience. They have been used, it is true, for purposes of manipulation and have kept material past the influence of the low temperature to preserve. But these faults are to be blamed upon the management of the plants, not upon the system itself.

RECREATION IN RUSSIA.

Russia provides more dismal news than any other country in the world. One is like to imagine it a land of heartbroken peasantry, overbearing soldiery, a picture of dukes with whips in their hands pursuing patriots with dynamite bombs under their arms. In Russia, however, there is still some measure of enjoyment, some conversation other than of terror and some pleasure-taking which does not involve the danger of being scattered in small bits about the premises.

The American consul general at Moscow reports that there are eighty moving picture shows in his city and about the same number in St. Petersburg. The country supports 1,200 such places of entertainment. Last year, 108,000,000 admissions were recorded and the managers took in more than $21,000,00. Not only was amusement provided, but the educational features of the moving pictures were utilized for the purpose of instructing the people how to fight the plague of Asiatic cholera. It is said that when the Bastile was being attacked in Paris gossips were sitting before the cafes in other parts of the city, not the least interested in the downfall of a dynasty, a business they might have witnessed at first hand. So in Russia there are people who take their recreation whole-heartedly, although aware at the moment that many individuals about them are itching for a chance to blow their "Little Father" into the hereafter.

THE SPOOKS FOR COOK.

Commander Peary's claims have been hooted by that fairly large part of the American population which is so mentally constituted it cannot change its mind once having received an impression. Admiral Schley, who gained notoriety in another controversy, has had his say in sneering at "Civil Engineer" Peary. That intrepid explorer of Arkansas, Representative Macon, holds the medal for opposition, wistortion, verbosity and general flap-doodle in the case. But, perhaps, he will have to give way, for William R. Stead, who conducts a spook bureau in connection with his publishing establishment in London, has brought out some new points against Peary warranted to make the claimant look more sick and more tired than all the heckling to which he has so far submitted. Mr. Stead writes:

With regard to the pole controversy, the only message which we have received on the subject was one from Sir John Franklin last year. He did not say anything about Peary, but said he had personally condusted Cook nearly to the pole, and then left him to complete the journey himself. Seeing you have received a communication in the same sense, I thought this would interest you.

A lawyer in Boston adds weight to the message from Sir John Franklin, saying: "Lieut. Booth Lockwood has communicated with us at our home through a great trance medium and sustains Cook as against Peary."

This is the final clincher. Admiral Schley and Congressman Macon are not only supported by uncontrovertible word from Kingdom Come, they are vindicated—whatever the vindication is worth.

WHERE WAR IS A PICNIC.

An American who works for a mining company in the mountain districts of Sonora recently made his way through the rebel lines to El Paso. He told how the little town around the mine was captured, not by "shooting it up" or by any great show of force, but by mildly directing the attention of the authorities to the fact that they had no defence. The American on his journey to El Paso was retained for three days at one of the camps of the insurrectos, being politely commandeered to exercise his mechanical skill upon rifles which were out of commission. The government forces with which he met were equally as amiable. Good cheer marked the entire trip. The Mexicans, it would seem, have the ability, so characteristic of the Central Americans, of making a revolution an excursion and treating war as in the light of a vacation.

DRANING THE LAKES.

The lakes to the gulf deep waterway idea has an alluring sound. It brings up pictures of the argosies of commerce speeding their great cargoes of grain from the big wharves of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan across the state of Illinois, down the Mississippi and thence to the far corners of the world without transshipment. At least two strong-lunged associations of boomers are devoting their energies to wheedling an appropriation out of Uncle Sam for the costs of construction. They ignore two important factors or gloss over them, these being that there is no assurance that commerce will take advantage of such a canal, having paid no attention to such improvements already made at extreme cost to the people and the fact that vessels capable of navigating the lakes and the salt seas are not adapted to traffic in narrow waterways. Now comes a new set of facts which prove that the lakes to the gulf scheme would represent more than a pure waste of money. It would prove a genuine disaster to the shipping of the great lakes.

A study of the lake levels by government experts shows that the Chicago drainage ditch has lowered the surface of Lakes Michigan and Huron nearly six inches. This ditch now takes 7,000 cubic inches a second out of Lake Michigan. The proposed canal would take twice as much. Says Col. C. McD. Townsend:

Taking out 10,000 feet a second through the drainage canal will gradually lower the level of Lakes Huron, Michigan until the reduction in the discharge of the St. Clair river, on account of the reduced cross-section, is equal to 10,000 cubic feet a second. This would require a fall of .521 of a foot in Lake Huron. This would cause .455 of a foot fall in Lake St. Clair and .379 of a foot fall in Lake Erie.

This indicates a fall of approximately six inches. For 14,000 feet a second taken out of the lake at Chicago, which is what they now ask, the ratio would be the same.

What the removal of this much water would mean to lake navigation is at once apparent. The big freighters are loaded to the limit now; they sometimes scrape bottom in going over the Limeklins. Taking eight inches of water out of the Detroit river would mean a great loss to the lake carriers.

Chicago is probably so far committed to the deep waterway scheme that it may find it impossible to reverse its position in spit of the fact that the channel might ruin the port of Chicago and make it out of the question for ore freighters to get into the ports of Indiana Harbor and Gary. But the desires of Chicago should not for one moment be permitted to weigh against the interests of the communities upon Lake Huron, Detroit river and Lake Erie.

FARMER CAPITALISTS.

In constructing some of the interurban railroads in Ohio, the promoters went out among the farmers for their capital. They were exchanging service for service and at the same time providing a very excellent buffer against criticism, damage suits and community hostility. Down in Kentucky there are farmers who are going deeper into the trolley business. A line is to be built by residents along a thirteen-mile right of way. The grading will be performed by the farmers themselves. They will supply and lay the ties. With their own capital they will furnish rails and cars and power plant machinery.

American agriculturists in different parts of the country have combined to build elevators, to establish co-operative stores, to purchase fuel in large quantities, to market their products, to fix a basis of wage for farm labor, to combat floods, to build roads, to dig ditches and to hold institutes for their own instruction. Here is a new enterprise to be carried through by a combination of energy and money. Yet farmers will still listen solemnly to politicians who preach the doctrine of individualism. They will experiment in collectivism while voting for those who indiscriminately condemn all systems of collectivism as dangerous and ungodly. They will employ the fundamental principles of trust building while denouncing the trusts. The old individualistic ideas hang on grimly though the whole world is changing its ways of working and doing business. We do not doubt that among the Kentucky farmers who are putting their money in a pot for their personal betterment there are many who dread lest that mysterious monster "Capital," is getting possession of the country.

THE ONE SURE SPUR.

A frightful accident, a great disaster, heavy and numbing loss, bring about the correction of abuses more swiftly and more thoroughly than a thousand appeals, a thousand tons of print paper and ink.

The coroner's jury, sitting in Chicago upon the packing house fire, has handed down a series of recommendations for ordinances and action, among which are these important ones:

More water for the stockyards.

High pressure system.

Metal instead of wooden stairways.

Favorable action by the council upon the late fire chief's suggestions.

Immediate inspection of the district by building and electrical departments.

Immediate correction of all violations of ordinances revealed by such inspection.

It is a pitiful thing that fires must burn fiercely, property be lost to use forever, employment be halted and men give up their lives before changes, which cry their need daily, are brought about quickly and thoroughly.

It is the man who wins that thinks all is fair in love and war.

A scientific crank declares that eating is a dangerous practice. But he doesn't offer anything to take its place.

It is said that the best way for a man to be popular is to tell some woman every day that she is growing younger. What a liar he would become in a year or two.

Aunt Carrie Nation is too sick to be a subject for flippant newspaper paragraphing. Let us join in wishing her as few aches and pains as possible under the circumstances.

A New York society leader says $1,200 a year is enough to enable a man or a woman to enter the most exclusive set in that city. But there wouldn't be much left for the dog.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

MAKING A SUCCESSFUL NATION

International Sunday School Lesson for January 29 Is "Jehoshaphat's Good Reign in Judah." II. Chronicles 17:1-13.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

National problems are getting an unusual share of attention all around the world these days. The question of what constitutes success for a nation is a very living one. The past is the teacher of the present and as the real essentials of life never change, we may learn from the little old nation of the Jews something about national problems for present use.

The big question with the Jews was the question of a king. The southern kingdom had been blessed with a good leader in Asa; now we find his son Jehoshaphat on the throne, to carry on and strengthen the noble ways of his father. Good leaders are a first essential of success in organized society. No scheme of government has yet been devised that can work without strong men at its head. Even a weak and ignorant people may prosper if the leaders are great. Traveling over Mount Carmel I came to the little Druse village of Daliyet on the summit. It was the cleanest and most prosperous village I had seen in all Turkey. Upon inquiring the reason I was shown the house of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, the writers, who had lived here many years, and had shown their native neighbors a better way of living. That is the way many missionaries are transforming their neighborhoods. It is the personal element that counts for most always. A community's character is fixed by its strong personalities. The Jehoshaphats make the strong nations; therefore the importance of choosing leaders wisely.

Religion and Politics.

Some stupid persons, who know little of history, past or contemporaneous, say that religion has nothing to do with politics. If political creeds are not an outcome of religious faith, then the nation is on a very shallow foundation indeed. In the Turkish empire today, as in the time of Israel, politics is but another name for religion. The highest and deepest aspects of Turkey's problems, as I have investigated them, are wholly religious. The secret of the unrest in the Moslem world was given to me last night by a distinguished Syrian publicist: "The Moslems are jealous of Christians, whom they see to have all the power in the world, while everywhere the Moslems are backward."

So it is not merely a matter of ancient history that prosperity, in the long run, attends the nations that worship Jehovah. There is nothing accidental in the fact that the earth's surface is almost wholly divided up amongst the Christian nations. The God who gave prosperity to Judah when it was true to him is still ordering the affairs of mankind. Godliness is gain for this present world. Instead of petty political contentions, citizens would do well to cry, in true contrition of heart,

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

A Glimpse of Heathenism.

Big political problems Jehoshaphat had in plenty; but his chief difficulty was religious. The Jews had not advanced very far beyond the tribal conception of God. Sometimes, chiefly from base motives, they were tempted to change the fashions in gods, and follow the one most in vogue among their neighbors—which, come to think of it, is to this day the most prevalent form of idolatry. The name for a god among the neighboring nations was baal; this is not a distinctive name, but rather a general title, like "lord." There were many baals in and about the borders of Judah. They were in constant competition with Jehovah; they were the chief obstacle to the reforms of Jehoshaphat and the other pious leaders.

The asheroth were another form of idolatry. They were sacred trees, or sacred poles planted alongside the altars. Tree worship and stone worship exist in the east to this day; the former especially in Korea. On the road between Jericho and Jerusalem there is a boulder which is believed to have magical powers, and it is heaped up with small votive stones.

The "high places" of the Old Testament are incomprehensible to many readers of the Bible. The first I saw was a square structure of huge stones, on the crest of a hill in the uplands of Moab. Later, at the mysterious city of Petra, in Edom, I saw them crowning almost every summit. There they are cut out of the solid rock, and still survive as squared platforms or altars, with channels for the blood of the sacrificial victims. The pillars that stood by them have gone; the very names of the gods to whom they were erected are unknown. Time has vindicated Jehoshaphat and the other friends of Jehovah who had such sore struggles against the high places, the asheroth and the baalim.

The Conqueror With a Book.

The shrewdness of Jehoshaphat armed his goodness. He had the rare gift of knowing how to turn his resolutions into revolutions. He exhorted his people to turn to Jehovah—and then he sent teachers through the land to show them how. No reform can be permanently assured unless it is built upon the sure foundation of the people's intelligent conviction. A hortatory revival of religion means little more than so much wasted nerve tissue and vocal power. It is a mere drain upon the emotions, predisposing them to emotional ossification. But a Bible studying revival insures transformations of character. Turn people to the Book and you turn them to God of a surety. The most potent force now at work in the near east for the prestige of the Anglo-Saxon race is not the warships or the diplomats of Great Britain and the United States, but the schools maintained by the American missionaries. A deeper and more pertinent illustration of Jehoshaphat's reform by the Book is afforded by the Mission Press at Beirut. One who looks closely into this statesmanlike institution becomes convinced that here is the agency that will ultimately cast down the false Prophet from his baneful dominion over so much of Asia. What force and diplomacy cannot do, the Word of God will yet accomplish.

This revivalist-king, Jehosphaphat, if we may call him, did not merely lend his moral support to the good work of religion. He himself went up and down the land leading the people back to Jehovah. He said "Come," which is a word people will hear when they will not listen to "Go."

A Builder King.

Productiveness is the final test of a man, as a people. "What have they ever done? Where is the art or science that they have given to the world?" is a question I have had flung at me often of late concerning the Turks. The question is the one instinctively asked about everybody. Jehoshaphat could answer it, for he was a builder. He strengthened the existing cities and garrisons, and he also established new ones. The person who gives the world a new rat-trap, a new broom, a new idea, a new bean, a new poem, a new kind of soup, belongs to the glorious company of the builders. He is in the class with Jehoshaphat.

With the wisdom of a truly wise ruler, King Jehoshaphat established a just judicial system in the land—would that he might return to the same land today to do likewise. A company of educated Syrian men were pouring into my ears their country's woes; and their chief plaint was summed up in the cry for justice. A venal judge, a weak or corrupt court, is a far worse scourge to a nation than the cholera or the plague. It is in justice that the east has always been weak, so we honor the king who made law to run equitably throughout the land.

Of course Jehoshaphat blundered in his alliance with Ahab; all of us blunder when we become politic, and substitute worldly wisdom for simple allegiance to the right as we see it. The friend of God has no need to worry about keeping on good terms with the powerful ones of earth. God's favor is more potent than any Ahab's army.

When he was thrown back upon Jehovah by his own helplessness in the presence of a mighty foe, Jehoshaphat learned that the Lord has a word for all his fighting saints: "Fear not ye, neither be dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's."

Cui Bono.

Such wondrous faith in my own powers have I
That I could move a mountain, if I would;
But that's a thing I don't intend to try.
I like to have the mountain standing nigh,
With paths to lead me nearer to the sky.
So what's the good?

Suppose I were to move it from its place
Because I wished to demonstrate my strength?
I'd have to find some other equal base
On which to rear its hard and craggy length.
And those upon whose lands I placed the same
Would very likely sue for damages,
And call down maledictions on my name—
'Tis better far to leave it where it is!

—January Lippincott's.

Varieties

Steel dies are engraved by electricity.

New York city had 5,141 more weddings in 1910 than in 1909.

Rotterdam's output of roasted coffee is 16,500,000 pounds a year.

Sweden eats apples that are grown in Tasmania and Australia.

There are 150 firemen on some of the large Atlantic steamers.

America's share in the commerce of Liberia is extremely small.

More than two miles of silk frequently are taken from a single cocoon.

Fresh milk applied to boots or shoes has a preservative effect on the leather.

Amoy exports about 3,000,000 lily bulbs a year to the United States.

The United States fishing industry employed 229,119 persons at the last report.

John Bunyan is in jail in New York charged with speeding his automobile.

An international exposition of inventions will be held at St. Louis the second week in April.

The Jordan is the most crooked river known, measuring 213 miles in a distance of 60 miles.

Chicagoans have built, near Wheaton, a $150,000 country hospital for crippled children.

An electrical device has been perfected to thaw out frozen water pipes without opening the ground.

Henry Silver, a former member of the staff of Punch, who died Dec. 3, left a fortune of nearly $6,000,000.

Hong Kong is making rapid strides in civilization; it now boasts a skating rink, 160 feet long and 64 feet wide.

The blood thrown out by the heart travels seven miles an hour, or 2,292,000 miles in a lifetime of 70 years.

Sales of Canadian peaches in England, after deducting expenses, averaged about 40 cents a dozen to the shipper.

The various German states maintain 70 schools in horseshoeing, with courses of from one to six months.

"Let not your heart be troubled," was the text kissed by Governor Dix of New York, when taking the oath of office.

Henry II of France was the first man to wear a pair of silk stockings, though cloth hose had been worn for some time.

The albatross, according to observers, has been known to follow a ship for two months withut ever being seen to alight.

Policemen in Madrid and Barcelona get $466 a year, while in the other cities of Spain salaries range from $224 down to $179.

Last year 32,000 London school children were taught to swim, and over 7,000,000 free meals were provided for the little ones.

At the Venezuelan navy yard in Puerto Cabello the first steamboat ever built in that country was launched on November 6, last year.

There are annually killed in Africa a minimum of 65,000 elephants, yielding a quantity of raw ivory, the selling price of which is $4,250,000.

It has been estimated that women form one-half of 1 per cent of the total number of the commercial drummers in the United States.

The world's output of coal for 1909 was estimated at 1,110,000,000 tons of 2,204.6 pounds each. This was an increase of 8,000,000 tons over 1908.

The number of dwellers in a house averages 8 in London, 48 in Vienna, 50 in Berlin, and about 52 in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

An American company has established a dairy industry in Siberia to supply its products to this country, as well as to England. Siberia is a great butter country.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddath, the seaport of Mecca. The temple there, which has a palm growing out of the solid stone, is supposed to be the last resting place of the first woman.

The entrance of the General Electric Co. of New York by alliance with a Japanese concern into the electrical manufacturing field of Japan means "big things" for electrical development in that country.

Cuba is offering a prize of $30,000 to the person, native or foreign, who shall discover the origin of the disease which attacks and kills cocoanut trees in that island and the means necessary for its cure and prevention.

Cork floor slabs, compressed from an original thickness of 14 inches to less than one-half inch, are being tried on one of the new steel dining cars of the Pennsylvania railway.

The new printing office of the Industrial Military School at San Luis Potosi, Mexico, is completely equipped with American machinery and appliances. It is a standing advertisement of the superior quality of American makes.

Amazing results have been achieved at the ultrapowerful Marconi wireless telegraph station near Pisa. Communication was established with stations in Ireland and Canada and Massowa in the East African Italian colony of Eritrea.

A 19-foot parchment with the family tree of Henry VI. has been put into the Welsh National Society at Aberystwyth. It is a beautiful piece of work, is elaborately illuminated and in it the pedigree of King Henry is traced from Adam.

The Pan-American railway and the Vera Cruz to the Pacific railway have passed to the operative control of the National Railways of Mexico, giving it continuous service from border to border, except a small break in the center of the republic.

Blasting at Panama during August, September and October required on the central division 543.58 long tons of dynamite for 3,369,064 cubic yards of rock excavated. For these months in 1909, 3,347,301 cubic yards of rock required 953.30 long tons of dynamite.

Coffee was first introduced into the Netherlands during the second half of the seventeenth century. In the Netherlands and still more in other countries of Europe chicory is used in the preparation of coffee to make the drink stronger and give it a darker color.

Great Britain's output of food, drink and tobacco was worth $1,251,738,793 in 1909, according to returns just published by the British Board of Trade. Manufacturing added $411,331,175 to the value of the materials used. The workers in these industries number 445,456.

Since annexation by Japan about 200,000 Koreans have cut off and sold their "topknots," materially reducing the price of human hair in the far eastern markets. To evade the duty the Koreans can cross the frontier of China before cutting their topknots.

Labor-saving machinery and devices are greatly in demand in western Canada, with Winnipeg as the chief center of supply. The country is enjoying an era of great prosperity. The farmers have substantial bank accounts and are looking for something new all the time.

In providing a crypt for the body of John Paul Jones under the floor of the Naval academy chapel at Annapolis, it is proposed to spend about $135,000. The $15,000 sarcophagus is to be of solid porphyry. Eight vaults around the crypt will be used for the burial of other naval heroes.

According to a report just issued by the ministry of agriculture, 60 wolves were killed in France during 1909. The majority of these animals were killed in the departments of the Vienne, Charentic and Haoute Vienne. The French government pays a reward varying from 20 francs to 100 francs for each wolf.

Stomach Troubles Vanish Like Magic

Would you like to eat all you want to, and what you want to without having distress in your stomach?

Would you like to say **farewell** to **Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Nervousness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache and Constipation?**

Then send me 10 cents to cover cost of packing and I will mail you absolutely free one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts. They relieve the bowels, remove soreness, strengthen the nerves and muscles of the stomach, and soon make you feel like a new man or woman. Suffer no longer, but write today, enclosing 10 cents for postage, etc., and get one of these. Dr. Young's Peptopads that are **celebrated** because they **have cured** where medicines alone failed. Write Dr. G. C. Young Co., 623 National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

FITS

I have cured patients who had Epilepsy, Fits, or Falling Sickness since 1903. Stacks of testimonials on file. Write for Free Trial Treatment and testimonials from cured patients. I pay the express. Give age and full particulars. Dr. Roof, 1187 Downing Bldg., New York.

DRUNKENNESS

The steady or periodical (spree) drinker **can be cured in 3 days** with his knowledge, or secretly. Mine is guaranteed, lifelong cure. **Gentle, pleasant, perfectly harmless.** It does not matter how heavy a drinker he is or for how many years. This is the **genuine home Treatment,** medically endorsed and proved by a legion of testimonials. Book and particulars free, postpaid. Address **EDWARD J. WOODS,** 534 Sixth Avenue, 490 D **New York, N. Y.**

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

FAT FOLKS

Give me your name and address and I will tell you how to reduce your bust, waist and hips without starving.

Results Guaranteed.

Mrs G. M. Greising, 511 Main St., Toledo, O.

Tobacco Habit Banished

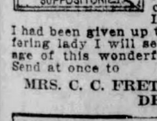
DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanatarium, Dept. 18, St. Joseph, Mo.

FITS

CURED NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 981 Grand Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES

WHY SUFFER?



Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been **given up to die.** To any suffering lady I will send a **50 cent package** of this wonderful remedy **FREE.** Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

6 GREAT NOVELS FREE

1. Lady Gwendoline's Dream. 2. On Her Wedding Morn, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 3. The Refugee. 4. The Phantom Wedding, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 5. Dora's Creed. 6. An Unsolved Mystery, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. These are six cracking good love stories by three great novelists. They are six separate books. A whole season's reading. You get all six by sending for a year's subscription to Ideal Home Life, our big illustrated monthly and 6c extra to help pay postage, etc., or 30c. **EVERYDAY LIFE, DEPT 609 CHICAGO.**

LADIES $1000 Reward!

I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. **DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.**

SECRETS FOR WOMEN

in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. **Fairbank Supply House, AS-60 Wabash Av., Chicago**

A BLESSING TO WOMEN Send 2c stamp for illustrated catalog of rubber goods, toilet articles, druggists' sundries, etc. Desk 2, Adv. M. O. House, Chicago, Ill.

FREE Future, past, present revealed; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second St., Kewanee, Ills.

TAPE-WORM

EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 162 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

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MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY Book of description and photos mailed sealed. Free. THE EXCHANGE, Box 829 T. O., Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

WAR IS DECLARED ON TURKS

Aden, Arabia, Jan. 20.—The imam of Sana, Seyii Yahaha, has declared war against the Turks, and armed bands are gathering in the Yemen mountains. The notorious Shelk Beni Pasha has joined the imam's standard, and a rising throughout Yemen, a region of southwestern Arabia, is expected.

The capital of Asir province has been under siege since early in December, the governor and a large garrison being barred in.

MORPHINE

We will send any one addicted to Opium, Morphine, Laudanum or other drug habit a free trial treatment of the most remarkable remedy ever discovered. Refractory cases solicited. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially physicians.

PAINLESS HOME TREATMENT.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY, Suite 760, 1181 Broadway, New York

BUSY PROGRESSIVES

Men In and Out of Congress Unite to Put Through New Legislation.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 23.—Organization of the Republican Progressive League by progressive Republican senators, representatives, governors and others—an organization which will seek to "fight for the establishment of popular government," was announced here today. Plans of the new league, which have been under way since the assembling of congress, were concluded at a meeting here Saturday night at which time a declaration of principles was signed, a constitution adopted and the following officers elected:

President, Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., Oregon.

First vice president, Representative George W. Norris, Nebraska.

Second vice president, Governor Chase Osborn, Michigan.

Treasurer, Charles R. Crane, Chicago.

Executive committee, Senator Moses E. Clapp, Minnesota; Senator Joseph L. Bristow, Kansas; Representative E. H. Hubbard, Iowa; Representative Irvine L. Lenroot, Representative-elect William Kent, California; Gifford Pinchot, Pennsylvania; George L. Record, New Jersey, and the president, vice presidents and treasurer members ex-officio.

What It Stands For.

The declaration of principles signed by nine Republican United States senators, the governors of six Republican states, 13 members of the house and others is as follows:

"We, the undersigned, associate ourselves together as the National Progressive Republican league.

"The object of the league is the promotion of popular government and progressive legislation.

"Popular government in America has been thwarted and progressive legislation strangled by the special interests which control caucuses, delegates, conventions and party organizations and through control of the machinery of government dictate nominations and platforms elect administrations, legislators, representatives in congress and United States senators and control cabinet officers.

"Under existing conditions legislation in the public interest has been baffled and defeated. This is evidenced by the long struggle to secure laws, but partially effective, for the control of railway rates and services, the revision of the tariff in the interest of the producer and consumer, statutes dealing with trusts and combinations, based on sound economic principles as applied to modern industrial and commercial conditions, a wise, comprehensive and impartial reconstruction of the banking and monetary laws, the conservation of coal, oil, gas, timber, water powers and other natural resources belonging to the people, and for the enactment of all legislation solely for the common good."

"Just in proportion as popular government has in certain states superseded the delegates convention system, and the people have assumed control of the machinery of government, has government become responsive to the popular will and progressive legislation been secured.

Senators by Direct Vote.

"The Progressive Republican league believes that popular government is fundamental to all other questions. To this end it advocates:

"The election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

"Direct primaries for the nomination of all elective officials.

"The direct election of delegates to national conventions with opportunity for the voter to express his choice for President and vice president.

"Amendment to state constitutions providing for the initiative, referendum and recall.

"A thoroughgoing corrupt practice act.

"The league will co-operate with progressives in the several states and, wherever acceptable, will render assistance in promoting the organization of state leagues.

"Whenever requested by any Progressive State league or by progressive leaders in state legislatures, the National Progressive Republican league will aid in the preparation of appropriate bills and resolutions, and will furnish speakers and literature in support of legislative action upon the propositions enumerated in the five numbered paragraphs set forth in the foregoing declaration of principles."

(Signed.)

United States Senators: Jonathan Bourne, Jr., Oregon; Albert J. Beveridge, Indiana; Joseph L. Bristow, Kansas; Norris Brown, Nebraska; Albert B. Cummins, Iowa; Moses E. Clapp, Minnisota; Joseph M. Dixon, Montana; A. J. Gronna, North Dakota; Robert M. La Follette, Wisconsin.

Governors: Chester H. Aldrich, Nebraska; Joseph M. Carey, Wyoming; Hiram W. Johnson, California; Francis E. McGovern, Wisconsin; Chase Osborn, Michigan; W. R. Stubbs, Kansas.

Congressmen: Henry Allen Cooper, Wisconsin; William J. Cary, Wisconsin; C. R. Davis, Minnesota; E. H. Hubbard, Iowa; G. N. Haugen, Iowa; Irvine L. Lenroot, Wisconsin; C. A. Clapp, Minnesota; Joseph M. Dixon, Kansas; E. H. Madison, Kansas; E. A. Morse, Wisconsin; John M. Nelson, Wisconsin; George W. Norris, Nebraska; Miles Poindexter, Washington.

Other Signers: Alfred L. Baker, Illinois; Ray Stannard Baker, Massachusetts; Louis D. Brandeis, Massachusetts; Charles R. Crane, Illinois; Frank L. Dingley, Maine; James R. Garfield, Ohio; Hugh T. Halbert, Minnesota; Francis J. Heney, California; Frederick C. Howe, New York; Fred S. Jackson (congressman-elect), Kansas; E. Clarence Jones, New York; William Kent (congressman-elect), California; George S. Loftus, Minnesota; William L. Fa Follette (congressman-elect), Washington; Gifford Pinchot, Pennsylvania; Ames Pinchot, New York; James A. Peterson, Minnesota; George L. Record, New Jersey; Gilbert E. Roe, New York; W. S. U'Ren, Oregon; Merle D. Vincent, Colorado; William Allen White, Kansas.

ELIMINATE 'ROTS' AND 'SPOTS'

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 20.—Leading egg dealers of Oklahoma, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri met in conference here today with the pure food officials of those states to agree upon uniform laws for the inspection and handling of eggs.

My offer of November 10th in the Toledo Weekly Blade

Brings So Much Joy

In the Nov. 10th issue of the Toledo Weekly Blade I made the following offer: that I would give 500 Catarrh Treatments absolutely free of charge to be distributed among the readers of the Toledo Weekly Blade. That offer has been received with so much satisfaction, so many grateful letters have come to me from it, that my heart is filled with joy.

Therefore, I have decided to repeat the offer and am making this announcement. I will give away, absolutely free of charge, 250 more of my famous Catarrh treatments that treatment which I have proved to be the best that was ever formulated for Catarrh and allied ailments, that treatment which has cured thousands of suffering ones, after everything else has failed.

Now, Reader, this is your chance. ALL YOU have got to do is to take this treatment and see the wonderful results. After its use, you will feel livelier, brighter and better in every way. Your nose will be clear, your foul breath will gradually leave you, the continual succession of colds, the crusts in your nose, that bad taste in the mouth mornings, dull, headachy feeling in your forehead, constant desire to clear your throat, all these will vanish. They will go one by one, some faster, some slower, but all equally sure. You will once more have that joyous, lively feeling, same as you had in the glad days of youth, free from all care and pain.

A PRESENT FOR YOU

Remember, I make this offer of a free gift, wholly from my desire to do you good. I want no money for it; you will be under no obligation to me whatsoever.

Now, Reader, this is the opportunity of a lifetime; let it slip and you may never have such another again. Don't neglect it, just write today. Send postal card or your name and address in a letter, and you will have one of these famous Threefold treatments by return mail.

Address Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

HOW THE STATES STAND

The situation in various states holding senatorial elections stands thus Wednesday:

Alabama—John H. Bankhead, Democrat, re-elected.

Connecticut—George Payne McLean, Republican, elected to succeed Morgan J. Bulkeley, Republican.

Indiana—John W. Kern, Democrat, elected to succed A. J. Beveridge, Republican.

Iowa—Republican majority split on balloting.

Maine—Charles F. Johnson, Democrat, elected to succeed Eugene Hale Republican.

Massachusetts—Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican, elected to succeed himself.

Michigan—Charles E. Townsend, Republican, elected to succeed Senator Burrows.

Minnesota—Moses E. Clapp, Republican, re-elected.

Missouri—James O. Reed, Democrat, elected to succeed William Warner, Republican.

Montana—One ballot taken; no choice.

Nebraska—G. M. Hitchcock, Democrat, elected to succeed E. J. Burkett, Republican.

New York—William F. Sheehan, Democrat, leading; no choice.

North Dakota—Porter J. McCumber, "stalwart," and A. J. Gonna, "progressive," Republican elected.

Pennsylvania — George T. Oliver, Republican, re-elected.

Rhode Island—Henry F. Lippitt, Republican, elected to succeed Nelson W. Aldrich.

Tenessee Two ballots taken; no choice.

Utah—George A. Sutherland, Republican, re-elected.

Washington—Miles Poindexter, Republican, elected.

SEES PERIL IN PACIFIC

Coast at Mercy of Jap Foe, Says Congressman.

Detroit, Jan. 20.—"Japan could seize Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, the Bremerton government navy yard, five great transcontinental railways, fortify mountain passes and have an empire upon which to live before the United States could get 75,000 troops to the Pacific Ocean," declared Representative W. E. Humphrey, of Washington, at the annual banquet of the Lake Carriers' association last night.

"The nations know we are utterly unprepared for war," said Humphrey. "They know our army is too small, that our navy is practically helpless because we have no merchant vessels as an auxiliary.

'In case of war we would need for transports 250 vessels. We have not in both oceans combined, 20 vessels fit for this purpose. We are more helpless today than was Russia at the beginning of war with Japan.

"Japan has 600 merchant vessels on the Pacific fit for transportation. The United States has six. Japan can transport 500,000 trained troops at one time, the United States not more than 10,000."

Scores Steamship Trust.

Mr. Humphrey then turned his attention to the steamship trust, making sensational charges.

"The government a few days ago commenced suit against the foreign steamship trust because of its action in reference to the carrying of steerage passengers," he said. This combine of foreign ships is the most gigantic trust the world has ever known. The commerce of this country is absolutely at its mercy. The head of this greatest of monopolies is the Hamburg-American Co. This company admitted a dividend of 10 per cent annually upon a capital of $96,000,000, but, according to its own statements, a profit of more than 25 per cent annually is shown.

"All these lines give special rates to the giant corporations of this country, especially the Standard Oil, the steel trust and the harvester combine. These discriminations are such that they effectually prevent any competitor in this country of any of these corporations I have named from competing with them in foreign fields. Not only do these foreign combines dictate the rate upon the ocean, but they dictate the rate upon the land.

QUEST FOR SIGHT HOPELESS

New York, Jan. 20.—Bernadino Soto, 2 years ago president of Costa Rico, took his last sight today of the city to which he came six weeks ago, hoping to be cured of creeping blindness. He sailed for home today via Kingston, carrying with him the unanimous verdict of the best specialists in New York that within the year he will be totally blind. He is accompanied by a brother.

SECRETARY TO QUIT

President's Secretaries to Be Men of Cabinet Size From Now On.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Washington, Jan. 21.—Much agitation stirred official and political circles today following the report that Charles D. Norton, secretary to President Taft, would leave the presidential service. One feature of the discussion is that Gus. J. Karger, former Cincinnati newspaper man, and Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star, probably will be appointed to succeed Norton.

Charles D. Hilles, assistant secretary of the treasury, has been offered by Mr. Taft the position of secretary to the President. This information came today from a reliable source. It is added that Mr. Hiles now is considering it.

Future secretaries to the President of the United States probably will be men of cabinet calibre. This announcement was made at the White House today in connection with the proposed retirement from the position of Charles D. Norton. They should be men, it was said, who could relieve their chiefs of many of the important departmental questions which the latter are called upon to decide and the decisions of the President's secretary in such cases, it was added, should have a practical finality.

Norton "overreached and corked himself," as they say among "horsey" men. That is the explanation of his present sudden discomfiture.

Mr. Norton came to Washington full of a breezy western energy, begotton of years of successful "pushing" in the insurance business. He wanted to start something, and he did. Having started something, he could not stop it.

The information this morning that Mr. Norton had resigned came suddenly and, to a great body politic in Washington, unexpectedly, but it was hardly a surprise to men of experience who have watched the course of the secretary to the President.

Norton caused the statement to go out in the newspapers when first appointed that he would be more than a secretary, he would be an "assistant president." For this exhibition a conservative local newspaper in a friendly spirit read him a lecture on the benefit of modesty.

Without consulting the President at Beverly, he gave out the statement about restoring patronage to the insurgents. Mr. Norton started to upset the treasury organization of years.

"There must be the introduction of business methods," he declared. Given a free hand first by Secretary MacVeagh, he led that staid old gentleman up to a point in the decapitation of old and trusted employes that MacVeagh threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Mr. Norton, the treasury department will not be made a slaughterhouse while I am at the head of it."

The treasury is in a chaos, the result of an attempt to upset its bookkeeping methods, from which it will require months to recover.

Karger Helped Campaign.

Gus Karger, the Ohio newspaper man mentioned as a probable appointee for secretary to the President to succeed Norton, is the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star, a newspaper owned by C. P. Taft, the President's brother.

Karger did valuable work for Mr. Taft in the preliminary campaign that led to the President's nomination. He was offered the appointment of postmaster at Washington and assistant treasurer at Cincinnati, but preferred to remain in the newspaper business.

At the time Norton was appointed the President had under consideration the names of Charles D. Hilles, formerly of Ohio, but now vice president of the Ohio society of New York. At that time Mr. Hilles, who was and is assistant secretary to the President, would have been willing to accept the office, but since then he has tendered his resignation to take effect on March 4, and has made plans for entering private business in New York under very advantageous circumstances. He may accept, but his friends doubt it. His home is at Dobbs Ferry.

NONE OBJECTS TO EDDY WILL

Probation of Testament Does Not Affect Son's Suits.

Concord, N. H., Jan. 18.—The will of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, founder of Christian Science, was allowed in solemn form by Judge Corning in the probate court here yesterday. No objection was made.

The probating of the will has no effect on the suits which have been brought in the state and federal courts by attorneys for Mrs. Eddy's son, George W. Glover, and her adopted son, Dr. E. J. Foster Eddy, asking for a construction of the residuary clause of the will. Should those courts decide the clause to be illegal they would have the power, despite the allowance of the will in the probate court, to set aside that portion leaving the residue of the estate to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Boston.

CHEATED FOR YEARS

Prejudice Will Cheat Us Often if We Let It.

You will be astonished to find how largely you are influenced in every way by unreasoning prejudice. In many cases you will also find that the prejudice has swindled you, or rather, made you swindle yourself. A case in illustration:

"I have been a constant user of Grape-Nuts for nearly three years," says a correspondent, "and I am happy to say that I am well pleased with the result of the experiment, for such it has been.

"Seeing your advertisement in almost all of the periodicals, for a long time I looked upon it as a hoax. But after years of suffering with gaseous and bitter eructations from my stomach, together with more or less loss of appetite and flesh, I concluded to try Grape-Nuts food for a little time and note the result.

"I found it delicious, and it was not long till I began to experience the beneficial effects. My stomach resumed its normal state, the eructations and bitterness ceased and I have gained all my lost weight back.

"I am so well satisfied with the result that so long as I may live and retain my reason Grape-Nuts shall constitute quite a portion of my daily food."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Piles Quickly Cured At Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure, if you go at it right.

An operation with the knife is dangerous, cruel, humiliating and unnecessary.

There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

Insist on having what you call for.

If the druggist tries to sell you something just as good, it is because he makes more money on the substitute.

The cure begins at once and continues rapidly until it is complete and permanent.

You can go right ahead with your work and be easy and comfortable all the time.

It is well worth trying.

Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 302 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive free by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper.

Thousands have been cured in this easy, painless and inexpensive way, in the privacy of the home.

No knife and its torture.

No doctor and his bills.

All druggists, 50 cents. Write today for a free package.

CIGARET IN BAD HANDS

Committee on Ditches Gets Latest "Anti" Bill.

Columbus, Jan. 19.—The anti-cigaret bill introduced by F. M. Plank, of Medina, has been laughed into the house committee on ditches and drains. It was suggested that it be consigned to the committee on institutions for feeble-minded youth. About every general assembly for a decade has had to consider a bill abolishing the cigaret. The subject now belongs to that class of sumptuary legislation that receives recognition by the introduction of a bill and then dies a slow death in committee.

After the bill had been referred to the committee on ditches and drains, the devotees of the weed, and there are several in the house, became panic stricken when they cast up on the personnel of the committee.

Four of the members, Baeschler, of Noble, Lowry, of Henry, White of Sandusky, and Canfield, of Fulton, are farmers. Battlefeld, the chairman, is a retired manufacturer from Bucyrus, while Crosser is a lawyer in Cleveland and Jenkins is a physician in Plain City, Madison county.

It occurred to the men who espouse the cause of the cigaret that the reference to the committee on ditches and drains might prove a boomerang. It is known, however, that Baeschler is opposed to the bill.

"If a young man, or an old one, wants to pump bad smoke with his lungs," declared Baeschler, "I, for one, shall not oppose his right." No one really expects that the bill will be heard from again this session.

NEWLYWEDS ON JURY, ACQUIT

Ten Agree Ten Days Long Enough Away From Home.

Cordele, Ga., Jan. 20.—To the longing for "wife and home" of the "newly weds" on the jury, which for 10 days has been trying W. B. and Archie Lyon for the murder of Fleming Smith two years ago, may be attributed in some part the verdict of acquittal rendered the other day. There were 10 bridegrooms on the jury. Ever since the first day they have been chafing at the necessity of staying locked up.

Recently their impatience to return to their wives has been pronounced and the verdict of acquittal was quickly reached. This was the third trial, the first ending in conviction, the second in mistrial, and the third in acquittal.

BANKRUPT VISCOUNT TO WED

Present Heir of 70-Year-Old Newlywed Wins Young Beauty.

London, Jan. 20.—Another society surprise has been given by the unexpected engagement of Viscount Chelsea to Miss Marie Coxon, a pretty girl of 21, and niece of Lady Jardine. Viscount Chelsea last May passed through the bankruptcy court. He became heir to the earldom of Cadogan and an income of $500,000 yearly on the recent death of his 7-year-old nephew. Only a week ago Earl Cadogan, who is 70 years of age, married Countess Palagi, at Florence.

HUGE MAGNET SAVES AN EYE

Two-Ton Affair Successfully Used to Draw Steel Splinter.

Terre Haute, Ind., Jan. 20.—A two-ton magnet at Rose Polytechnic Institute was used to extract a steel splinter from a man's eye after an oculist had tried in vain to remove it by a surgical operation, and, at the same time, save the sight. The patient was placed standing near the magnet and his head was turned so that the direct drawing force would be applied to the eyeball. The splinter flew quickly to the surface of the magnet. The victim is named Johnson, and he is employed in a brewery.

WOMEN PRIZE FIGHT IS SHOCK

Oklahoma Stirred by Six-Round Battle to Draw.

Tulsa, Okla., Jan. 20.—Indignation is sweeping the state as a result of a six-round prize fight fought here this week between Bess Martin, of Oklahoma City, and Nellie Bennett, of Chicago. Although both women fought a fast clip the referee declared it a draw, a decision that did not satisfy the 700 spectators, who applauded during the affray.

Many of the onlookers were women, who showed a surprising knowledge of pugilistic lingo, shouting to their respective favories, "Put her out" and "Hand her a right uppercut."

AT RENO, MARRIES 3rd TIME

Reno, Nev., Jan. 19.—With every plan made to insure secrecy and prevent publicity, at the former home of Mrs W. E. Corey, last night, Freida Marsh Peet, divorced last month, former wife of Edward Thaw, Harry Thaw's brother, and daughter of Prof. John Edward Marsh, noted scientific author, took for her third husband Professor Frederick Edward Young, a wealthy mining engineer. A Methodist minister, the Rev. Trout officiated. The marriage is a result of a very brief but romantic acquaintance.

Mrs. Harriet Johnstone, wife of Tobias Johnstone, prominent silk importer, New York, also here for divorce, was maid of honor.

Your Hair Gray?

SCALP-O-TONE FOOD FOR THE HAIR NOT A DYE.

A New Discovery. Never fails to restore gray or faded hair to its natural color; stops falling hair promotes its growth; quickly removes dandruff; makes the hair soft and glossy; will not stain your skin or linen. No odor. Is not sticky, oily or greasy. **Guaranteed ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.** To introduce SCALP-O-TONE and prove the truth of our statements we will send you a **regular sized package** and our valuable book on the care of the hair, in a plain wrapper for **10 cents** to pay postage, etc. **Arcade Specialty Co., Buffalo, N. Y.**

KING OF PAIN

WONDERFUL HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

Price Twenty-Five Cents.

Cures Diarrhoea, Colic, Cramps, Burns, and Scalds, Bruises and all Inflammation. Circulars free, or send $1 for large pkg. and fine agents' outfit. **Agents Wanted**

THE E. G. RICHARDS CO., Box 543, Toledo, O.

Fat is Dangerous

Affects Heart, Blood, Nerves, Muscles, Stomach, Kidneys, Liver.

Injures Health; Spoils Figure and Beauty; Causes Loss of Vigor; Weakens Vital Organs; Shortens Life 10 to 40 years.

See This Difference—Before and After Reduction.

Reduce Your FAT

WONDERFUL RESULT. DR. BRADFORD REMEDIES.

For many years as highly successful **obesity physician, Dr. Bradford** has relieved fat people.

Mrs. Alice Rouse, Short Creek, W. Va., writes: "The Dr. Bradford Treatment has brought health to me; have lost 56 lbs."

Emma Smith, Greentown, Pa., writes: "The reduction, through your exceptionally fine Treatment, has been over 74 lbs."

Mrs. Carrie Joyce, Rising Star, Tex., writes: "I lost 65 lbs. by the Dr. Bradford Method a considerable time back, since then I have not gained a pound."

J. L. Hutchinson, Cilo, Ia., writes: "Although I had been getting stouter for 25 years, your Treatment reduced my weight 60 pounds; **great benefit** to health."

W. R. Dennison, Perryville, Tenn., writes: "By your successful Treatment, I lost over **90 lbs.** and am greatly benefited."

R. Schlapkohl, R. F. D. 2, Box 51, Stockton, Ia., writes: "Have lost 66 lbs. through your Treatment; well pleased."

Mrs. F. Rearke, Cerro, N. Y., writes: "I now weigh 52 lbs. less; waist measure 7 inches less."

A. G. Osgood, Mount Ayr, Ia., writes: "Your Method reduced my wife's weight 60 lbs. and **saved her life,** according to what our doctor said."

PROOF SET OF REMEDIES Will Cost You Nothing

Size Reduced, Vigor Increased, Health Improved.

MEN While reducing weight, you are gaining mental and physical vigor—the kind that makes you **alert,** attractive in appearance and enables you to succeed better with both sexes. You will look and feel years younger. **LIVE YOUR YOUTH OVER AGAIN.** Dr. Bradford's **Remedies** give women beauty of skin, figure, eyes with good, healthy & womanly vigor such as husbands adore and others admire. **YOU MAY LOOK AND FEEL YOUNG AGAIN.** **WOMEN**

C. F. Bauwart, Lamar, Mo., writes: "Am more active; nerve system is **stronger and better**—have lost over 45 lbs."

Miss E. Kirby, Box 10, R. F. D. 1, Myrtle, Miss., writes: "**I lost 152 lbs. three years ago** and reduction with benefits to health and appearance have remained ever since."

Nervous Porter, Pierrepont Manor, N.Y., writes: "Your Treatment has done wonders; hip measurement **reduced 15 inches.**"

F. Tolland, 314 W. 5th Ave., Monmouth, Ill., writes: "The Dr. Bradford Guaranteed Treatment reduced my weight 80 lbs. with corresponding benefit to health."

Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, Lehigh, Ia., writes: "When I began your Treatment, I weighed 285 lbs., now I weigh 170 lbs.; bust measure reduced from 54 in. to 38 in., waist from 42 in. to 28 in."

M. E. King, 5634 Spaulding Ave., Chicago, writes: "I reduced 35 lbs. **eight years ago;** haven't gained an ounce since."

W. C. Newburn, Conlee, Nev., writes: "**Have lost 112 lbs.,** wonderful benefit in heart and general vigor. **Can climb mountains easily now.**"

PROOF SET FREE

You should actually know that the Dr. Bradford Remedies for reduction of morbid, superfluous, unhealthy fat are declared by many, after personal experience, the very **safest, pleasantest, quickest** and all other respects **BEST.** No dangerous patent medicines, no starving (eat whatever kind of food you like), no tiresome exercising. **All fatty parts of the body** (hips, limbs, abdomen, neck, double-chin, bust, etc.) **become gradually, symmetrically smaller;** the stretched, coarse skin contracts apace with reduction, becoming **clear, fine, smooth and free from wrinkles, flaccidness or flabbiness.** The Dr. Bradford Remedies remove packed-in fat from region of **heart, stomach, lungs, throat, kidneys** and other **vital organs,** also purify the blood, thereby relieving numerous ailments including **heart palpitation,** shortness of breath, **catarrh, asthma, kidney and liver disorders, constipation,** impotency, male or female functional ailments, **rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, gastric troubles, headaches, deafness.** Blood is purified, muscles and nerves strengthened. **Life prolonged;** vigor increased; **living becomes a joy instead of a burden. Don't miss this offer.**

PROOF REMEDIES are FREE. They should make you feel better at once. Will be sent with free book and big collection voluntary testimonials, all in plain wrapper **ABSOLUTELY FREE.** You will be delighted! Write to-day to Dr. H. C. BRADFORD, **11 C Bradford Building, 20 E. 22d St., New York.**

NOTE.—Dr. Bradford, the Eminent Obesity Specialist whose Free Proof Remedies are offered, graduated from the famous Bellevue Hospital Medical College and was made Licentiate Physician by the State of N. Y.

Rupture Cured Without Operation

No Hospital or Doctors' Bills; No Loss of Time from Work, and Not a Single Penny to Pay If You Don't Get Better.

No longer any need to drag through life in the clutches of rupture.

No operation, no big expense to stand in your way. And not a single cent's worth of risk.

Think of that!—you who have spent dollar after dollar without finding a thing that has done any good. You who have been afraid that some day you'd have to risk the dangers of operation—you who dread the surgeon's knife because you know it results in permanent weakness or death about as often as in recovery.

* * * * * *

In the last 24 years more ruptured people have been cured **without** operation than by all the operations ever performed.

Cured without being in bed a single day—without losing a single hour from work.

Cured by the wonder-working Cluthe Truss (Cluthe Mechanical Massager)—something so remarkably beneficial that in 99 cases out of every 100 relief is immediate, and in most cases cure begins at once. For this is far **more** than a truss—far more than merely a device for holding the rupture in place.

Try It at Our Risk.

We have so much faith in the Cluthe Truss that we are willing to let you prove, by trying it at our risk, just what it will do for you.

If it fails to hold your rupture **securely** in place, when working and at all other times—if it doesn't do you a world of good—then it won't cost you a single cent. All guaranteed in writing.

Cure Takes Place While You Work.

A Cluthe Truss—right from the first day—will put an end to all danger of your rupture coming out.

And, in addition—while you go on working, remember—it soon overcomes the **weakness** which is the real **cause** of rupture—**does it by massaging the weak** ruptured parts—All entirely **automatically.**

And this stimulating massage **strengthens** just as **exercise** strengthens a weak **arm**—in most cases soon makes the ruptured parts so strong that no sign of the rupture is left.

That is how the Cluthe Truss has cured some of the worst cases of rupture on record—cured many of them after everything else, including operation, had proved utterly useless.

Free Book Tells All About It

So that you can judge for yourself, we want to send you—free—our cloth-bound book of advice.

It sums up all we have learned in 40 years of day-after-day experience. It deals with rupture in all its forms and stages; explains the dangers of operations; put you on guard against throwing money away.

And it tells all about the Cluthe Truss—how little it costs—how it ends all expense—how it is water-proof—how it has no springs, band, belt or elastic around your waist, no leg-straps, nothing to pinch, chafe, squeeze or bind. And how you can try a Cluthe Truss entirely at our risk.

Book sent in plain, sealed envelope. Write for it today—don't put it off—don't try to make up your mind one way or the other about the Cluthe Truss until you see, as told in this book, how thousands as badly ruptured as you, have been restored to full strength and usefulness.

Just use the coupon, or simply say in a letter or postal: "Send me your book." In writing us, please give our box number as below.

RELIEF COUPON

Box 14 Cluthe Institute

125 East 23d St., New York City.

Send me your Free Book on The Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

FREE TO YOU--MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings, I have found a cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand women's sufferings. What we **women know from experience,** we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths;** also pains in the head, back and bowels, **bearing down feelings,** nervousness, creeping **feeling up the spine,** melancholy, desire to cry, **hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles caused by weakness** peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a **complete** ten days' **treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you **can** cure yourself at home easily, quickly, and surely. Remember that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address,** tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

BY ELIZABETH.

IN the streets and public places, it frequently happens that one catches stray remarks and odds and ends of conversations which are sometimes amusing and sometimes otherwise. Whichever they may be, they serve as an indication of the mood or character of those who are speaking. More likely, it is the mood they betray, as a character can scarcely be judged by a passing remark. It happens sometimes, in the course of human events, that the things we say are not always the expression of what we feel, or of what we really are. People have been known to talk for effect, or to show off what they think is their smartness.

A stray remark I chanced to hear in the street the other day, when I was hurrying along and pretending to myself I was not cold, was this:

"That little fellow standing in there is the biggest muttonhead in town. He hasn't brains enough to lick a mule when he's driving it."

The little fellow referred to was in an office on a level with the street. This office has many windows, so that those who are inside are in plain view to the passer-by.

I turned to look at the one who called said little fellow a muttonhead, and noted from his appearance that he, too, might not be beyond the possibility of having applied to him, this appellation. The description he had given of the other fitted him well, particularly in regard to the lack of brains, so far as his brain capacity could be judged by a passing glance, and his overheard remark.

It does not require brains to "lick a mule." Anyone with sufficient strength may do this, but it does require brains to control a mule and make it perform its work without beating it into submission. This is a system which applies to matters other than licking a mule. Brute force, the exercise of superior strength in order to compel others do our will or go our way, is the system of those whose brains are not in a high state of development, and this system is not one which ever brings the best results. Unwilling service exacted and guided by force is never the best service, either from man or beast. It takes something more than the lash of tongue or whip to get the best.

As it happens, I know the "little fellow" inside the office, and know, too, that he is working hard and doing well with his work, so you see, it is never wise for the fellow on the outside to call the fellow on the inside a muttonhead, or to say he does not know his business. In other words, be charitable in judgment, if you must judge. There is none who is perfect; none who may not sometime be in need of charitable judgment, in some form or other. At the most we are all of us like children, seeking to find the way.

Coming close upon the heels of this incident was another which gave me a not altogether pleasant glimpse of life, but, then, real-life glimpses are not always pleasant, though there is none who may not help to make them so. If we have the will, we shall find the way.

An errand took me to the house of a woman of my acquaintance. The door at which I rapped for admittance, has a window, and opens into a room which is the family living room. The woman of the house and her children were inside. I could see them, and hear their voices. The little ones were clustered about their mother, and the group made a pretty picture of home and the children. Immediately following my rap, the scene shifted. The woman sprang to her feet to open the door.

"Get out of my way!" she commanded her children, in a rough voice that made them scatter, and then huddle together, looking frightened.

To me, she was all smiles and polite words of greeting. For me she cared not at all, except for the profit I could bring her in the way of money, paid for work received. For her children, it is to be supposed, she cares more than for anyone or anything in the world, at least this is what she says of her feeling for them, yet to those she holds dearest she spoke in the harshest and roughest of manners. Of course, if she had spoken to me as she did to her children, I should have turned and walked away. I should not have to stand it, but her children do—for the present. Some day they will be older, and not so helpless.

This was another case of the exercise of brute force and brutish instincts, which will surely have a brutalizing effect upon the little ones who "have to stand it."

Gentle words and manners are of little value unless they are practiced at home, where they are most needed. When the children are small and dependent, it is the parents who are in power. With the passing of years, conditions are sometimes reversed and then it may happen the grown children will give back what they received in childhood, not having been taught any better.

At home the liberty is taken of giving way to the worst moods and tempers, regardless of the home-folks' feelings. They are expected to put up with what the outside world will not submit to. It is the home folks who should count more than all else; to whom should be given our kindest words and our best manners. The sooner we learn and practice this, the better it will be for ourselves and for those who may be in our charge, who look to us for happiness and guidance, and in whoom lie our hopes of happiness.

I have wondered what those little children could have thought of their mother when she spoke to them so unkindly, and in the next breath turned to me with pleasantness and smiles. With me, the pleasantness and smiles counted not at all. I had seen the other side of her face, I saw the cowering, huddled, frightened children.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

At home, the children receive their first teachings; their first impressions. As the parents are inclined, especially the mother, so will the children be bent. The least that can be done, is to start them straight. I do not believe that harsh speech and violence will bend the twigs in the right direction, while smiles and pleasantness are directed toward the stranger. They belong, most of all, to the folks at home.

Well, here's hoping.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Soak up all the fresh air you can, if you want to keep healthy in mind and body.

It may be, that the pleasure of your company, providing you are pleasant company, will cheer the down-hearted.

A flower and a smile are two things that are always worth while.

The tongue is one member of the human body which never goes out of commission for lack of use. It might be a good idea to practice our limbs more and our tongue less.

If you must get mad, get mad, and then be done with it. Forget to keep your mad going on forever.

Rough speech and rough manners are two things no well-regulated family should have in the house.

Get away somewhere and take a nap when troubles seem to come hurling on. The chances are you'll find clearing weather, so far as your feelings are concerned, when you have had a good sleep.

The weather is something no man can control, so we may as well take it as it comes and make the best of it.

You will find it far more comfortable to be alive if you cultivate faith instead of suspicion.

It is far better to put the best construction on what you see and hear than to put the worst.

If you have no other book to read, there are always the pages of the great book of nature spread before you.

Keep up your interest in life; so long as you are living.

Whatever you do, don't "jaw."

Children's Letters

Dear Friends of The Blade—As I have not seen very many letters from New York, I decided I would write one. My father is a subscriber of The Blade and he likes it very much. I just moved from Ohio to New York about three months ago, but I do not like it here. I often wish I was back in Ohio, but I like the school I go to very much. I am in the fifth grade and I am getting along very nicely.

Well, my letter is getting long enough for this time. Hoping to see this in print, I am, truly yours,—Joseph Atkinson, Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Blade—I am a little girl ten years old. I live on a farm of 90 acres in northern Indiana. I have papa, mamma and one sister. Her name is Eldora. She is eight years old. We go to school, about a mile from our home. Our teacher's name is Miss Pearl Swarm. We like her very much. Our church is a mile and a half from our home. For pets I have a dog named Buster Brown, and a cat named Bodo.

I had a squirrel. I caught him one morning early. He was hurt and could not climb the tree. I kept him until he was strong, then I let him go, and he lives with some of his friends in an old house close by. I love to read the children's letters in the dear, old Blade. I will close, hoping to see this in print.—Roberta Grose, Bremen, Indiana.

Dear Blade—Will you permit a little, Illinois chap to enter your page? I have been a reader of The Blade for over two years, and have not yet seen a letter from this part of the world, so I thought I would write you a few lines. I live in the country and go to New Pine school. I am ten years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Mildred Jones. I saw a letter from Rita and Mitchell Cartright, asking some one to give a name for their little brother. Ray Albin is a cute name.

I have six brothers, but one is dead. I have two sisters. We have four canary birds. Their names are Topsy, Dainty, Captain and Boody. We have two horses named Nancy and Flora. One cow named Brindle, two kittens named Snowball. One pig named Joe. Well, it is about time to go after the cow, so I will close, hoping to see this in print. I will sign my name,—Og Phillis, Woodhull, Illinois.

Dear Friends—We take The Blade and I love to read the letters of the boys and girls. I am a boy, 12 years old, and live in a small town on the Ossipee river. I live on a farm three miles from the village of Kezar Falls. Our home is called Mountain View. Directly in front of our house in Fox mountain, from whose summit can be seen Mount Washington and part of the Presidential range and many other noted elevations.

The valley in which we live is beautiful. I go to school and have a number of pets. I will close by wishing you all many joyful days.—Mary Victor Fox, Kezar Falls, Me.

OPEN AIR SCHOOL WORK

IN THE OPEN AIR SCHOOL.

The value of fresh air and much of it, for both mental and physical ailments, administered, and taken into the system under right conditions, is becoming better and more widely known through the efforts of the fresh air crusaders, who are putting their theories into practice, and proving their worth.

In Chicago, an experiment has been made in the form of open-air school work, as an aid in the campaign against tuberculosis. The result of this experiment is told in a recently published book, entitled Open Air Crusaders. Both the book and the work were made possible by the Elizabeth McCormick Memorial fund, a memorial to the little girl to whom the book is thus dedicated: "To the memory of Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hall McCormick, a child whose radiant young life was so marked by deeds of kindliness to others that these ministries of love were not allowed to cease when, at the age of twelve, she was called into the presence of the Great Friend of all the children."

The following extract, taken from the account given in the book of Chicago's first open air school, will give some idea of how this work is conducted:

"The day nursery on the roof of which the school was held presented peculiar advantages as a laboratory for carrying on such an experiment. The equipment of the building, which included shower-bath and dispensary on the first floor, dining-room and kitchen on the third floor, store-room and tent on the roof, toilet rooms on the first floor and roof and elevator service, were given freely to the use of the school children.

"The roof is completely enclosed by a high framework covered by wire netting. Against this netting young evergreen trees replaced during the winter the vines which covered the meshes in the summer months. The trees not only served the extremely practical purpose of a good windbreak, but lent a perpetual air of Christmas festivity to the place, which was reflected in the joyous faces and merry spirits of the children. When Christmas Day really came, the little trees were literally used for the purpose for which nature had so evidently created them and stood about the roof bedecked with the simple gifts which the children had made for themselves and for the teacher and covered with the glittering crystals of the snow.

"On October 5, 1909, six children who had been receiving open air instruction on a sheltered porch at Hull House were brought to the Elizabeth McCormick open air school. With this as a nucleus, the number quickly increased. They came from tuberculosis clinics, visiting nurses, settlements, charity workers, public and private. The enrollment, at first limited to 25, was increased to 35 because the pressure for admission was so great. In all, 54 made application for admission, in spite of the fact that the idea was new to Chicago, and many people prophesied that the school could not and would not, with safety to the pupils, be held on the roof during the winter.

"To prevent the fulfillment of so dismal a prophecy, the children were protected against the cold by picturesque Esquimo suits, made of heavy blankets, which they slipped on over their ordinary clothing. The peaked caps were sewed firmly to the jackets and could be thrown back if desired. Both boys and girls wore, tucked into lumbermen's boots, loose-fitting blanket trousers, which combined warmth with the utmost freedom of movement. Thick gloves, extra blankets and soapstones for use on extremely cold days, completed the outfit, the expense of which was borne entirely by the friend mentioned. All these garments were the property of the school and each child was held responsible for nightly putting his own suit into his own locker. For the teacher a fur-lined coat and a fur cap were provided. In addition to the clothing for school wear, in some cases it was found necessary to provide underclothing, rubbers and overcoats, which remained the property of the individual children.

"Completely encircling the tent, which stood among the trees, were windows which swung out, canopy fashion, making an open zone clear around the tent. These windows could be dropped on the side from which a storm might come. No heat whatever was furnished in the tent, but heated soapstones were placed at the feet in extremely cold weather. No one seemed to have difficulty at any time in handling pen or pencil, although the thermometer often went below zero.

"Outside of the enclosed tent was a large shelter tent, which consisted simply of a canvas top, without sides, to protect from rain or extreme heat. Here the children took their daily naps, tied up snugly in their warm sleeping-bags and stretched out full-length on canvas cots. The younger children and those who were least well often spent the entire afternoon in rest and no one was urged to come into the tent to school if the teacher was convinced that the sleep would do him more good.

At the other end of the shelter tent stood a long table, on which the hot lunch was served at 9 and 3:30. A small storeroom on the roof gave space for the dish-cupboard and gas stove, where the lunches could easily be prepared by the cook. On the other side of the storeroom were lockers for wraps and supplies."

The book tells many other interesting facts in connection with this work and contains a valuable chapter on school ventilation. Copies may be obtained free of charge by addressing the United Charities of Chicago, 51 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill.

POETS' CORNER

WATCHING BY THE GOLDEN GATE

(Author Unknown.)

Have you ever heard the story,
How an angel bright and fair,
Near the shining gates of glory,
Always waits and watches there,
Lest some wanderer returning,
To these portals, lone and late,
Calls in vain, with eager yearning,
For some hand to ope the gate.

CHORUS.

Watching, watching, watching,
Watching by the golden gate,
With the angels over yonder,
They are watching by the gate.

Oft the earth grows rough for treading
For our darling's dainty feet.
So we loose the golden threading,
Kiss the silent mouth so sweet;
And while other children wander,
On this earthland long and late,
With the angels over yonder,
They are watching by the gate.

When the days grow dark and dreary
And we can no longer roam;
When we falter, worn and weary,
Near our dear eternal home;
Sad and footsore, fainting, falling,
Do the angels ever wait.
Will they hear our voices calling,
Watching by the golden gate?

WAKE NICODEMUS

(Author Unknown.)

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,
And was bought for a bag full of gold;
He was reckoned as a part of the salt of the earth,
But he died years ago, very old.
'Twas his last sad request—so we laid him away
In the trunk of an old hollow tree.
"Wake me up," was his charge, "at the first break of day—
Wake me up for the great jubilee."

CHORUS.

The "good time coming" is almost here.
It was long, long, long on the way.
Now run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
And meet us at the gumtree down in the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus today.

He was known as a prophet—at least was as wise—
For he told of the battles to come;
And we trembled with dread when he roll'd up his eyes,
And we heeded the shake of his thumb.
Though he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore
Were in patches at elbow and knee;
And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore,
As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash,
Though the bullet has oft cross'd his path;
There were none of his masters so brave or so rash
As to face such a man in his wrath.
Yet his great heart with kindness was filled to the brim—
He obeyed who was born to command;
But he longed for the morning which then was so dim—
For the morning which now is at hand.

'Twas a long, weary night—we were almost in fear
That the future was more than he knew;
'Twas a long, weary night—but the morning is near,
And the words of our prophet are true.
There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone—
There are tokens in endless array;
While the storm which had seemingly banished the dawn,
Only hastens the advent of day.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Well, M. G. R.'s, I am proud of the letters you are writing. I wish you joy, whoever yau are and wherever you may be.—Elizabeth.

Don't forget that being good to others means you are being good to yourself.

Keep on smiling, Histigay; you will smile away your trouble.

In the florists' shops are daffodils, sweet peas, tulips, lilies of the valley and other spring blossoms. They are hothouse blooms, of course, but they make one think of the good time coming.

Remember, Household Editor should be written on the envelope of all letters sent to this page.

BELLE BRANDON

(Author Unknown.)

'Neath a tree by the margin of a woodland,
Whose spreading, leafy boughs sweep the ground,
By a path leading thither o'er the prairie,
Where silence hung her night garb around,
Where oft I have wandered in the evening,
When the summer winds were fragrant on the lee;
There I saw the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And we met 'neath the old arbor tree.

Belle Brandon was the birdling of the mountain,
In freedom she sported on the lee,
And they said the life-current of the red man
Tinged her veins from a far distant sea;
And she loved her humble dwelling on the prairie,
And her guileless, happy heart clung to me,
For I loved the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And we both loved the old arbor tree.

On the trunk of the aged tree I carved them,
And our names on the sturdy oak remain,
Tho' I now repair in sorrow to its shelter,
And murmur to the wild wind my pain;
As I sit there is solitude reigning
O'er the beauty dream night brought to me,
For Death has wed the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And she sleeps 'neath the old arbor tree.

WHEN CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST

As Recited by Billy Sunday.

You may take the world as it comes and goes,
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the account she owes,
Whoever comes out behind.
And all things bad that a man has done,
By whosoever indulged,
Returns at last to him, one by one,
As chickens come home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and the bad as well;
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell.
And every wrong will find its place,
And every passion loosed
Drifts back and meets you face to face,
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod,
The result will be the same—
You cannot escape the hand of God,
You must bear your sin and shame.
No matter what's carved on a marble slab,
When the items are all produced
You'll find that God was "keeping tab,"
And that chickens came home to roost.

GOOD-BYE, DOLLY GRAY

BY WILL D. COBB.

I have come to say good-bye, Dolly Gray,
It's no use to ask me why, Dolly Gray;
There's a murmur in the air, you can hear it everywhere,
It is time to do and dare, Dolly Gray;
Don't you hear the tramp of feet, Dolly Gray,
Sounding through the village street, Dolly Gray;
'Tis the tramp of soldiers true, in their uniforms of blue;
I must say good-bye to you, Dolly Gray.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you, tho' it breaks my heart to go,
Something tells me I am needed at the front, to fight the foe;
See the boys in blue are marching and I can no longer stay;
Hark! I hear the bugle calling, good-bye; Dolly Gray!

Hear the rolling of the drums, Dolly Gray,
Back from war the regiment comes, Dolly Gray;
On your lovely face, so fair, I can see a look of care,
For your soldier boy's not there, Dolly Gray.
For the one you loved so well, Dolly Gray,
In the midst of battle fell, Dolly Gray;
With his face toward the foe, as he died he murmured low;
"I must say good-bye and go, Dolly Gray."

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem of which the following is a part is wanted: "God knows who was right. Oh, yes, it is true, for the God of the gray was the God of the blue."

Some verses entitled Jane Jones are wanted. This is a clue: "Jane Jones keeps a whispering to me all tihe time and saying: 'Why don't you make it a rule to study your lessons and work hard and learn, and never be absent from school?'"

The old son called Captain Kidd is wanted.

This is a part of a song requested: "O butcher, a baker, a soldier, a sailor."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

WHY GOSSIP?

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner—I have often thought of coming in to chat with you for a time, but with my household duties and the care of three little ones I am kept pretty busy.

I have just finished reading Elizabeth's letter on gossip. As this subject has been in my thoughts so much I wanted to say something in regard to the matter. I wonder why we permit it or take part in it. Why not be as willing to tell of the good qualities of others? Do we not realize that words uttered to the detriment of someone's reputation cannot possibly benefit us? Then why take up the golden moments of our lives with such useless things, when life is brief and every moment should be used for somebody's good?

I want to thank the many contributors to this page for the interesting and helpful letters I have had the pleasure of reading. They are always full of words of cheer and encouragement. I have found it true that we get joy by bringing it into the lives of those we have around us and to other lives, trusting our Divine Master to take care of us, while we do our part as best we can. I believe, as our pastor said in one of his sermons: "The secret of a strong heart is confidence."

Perhaps I have outstayed my time now, but if this reaches print I may come again and tell you how my husband went through college after our marriage, our self-reliance being our principal help to begin with. "God helps those who help themselves."

I shall give the name my brother used to call me when we were home together.—Becky Jane, Ohio.

You see you reached print. Come again and tell us the college story.—Elizabeth.

THE BETTER WAY

I have been a silent, but appreciative reader of the Cozy Corner for some time. I have been a subscriber of The Blade about five years and like it very much. I live in the Soldiers' Colony, St. Cloud, Fla., in the land of sunshine and flowers. I agree with some of the other writers who have written, don't turn our Cozy Corner into a trouble corner. We all have our troubles, of course, but they are never greater than we can bear. If we would count our many blessings, we would get along better. Give some one a helping hand instead of brooding over your troubles.

I appreciate the description of the grange picnic. It seemed like old times. With best wishes to all, I will sign my nickname—Cliss, Florida.

JUST A FEW LINES

I am a reader of The Blade, as my uncle takes it. When his subscription expires, if he does not renew, I think I shall, as I enjoy reading it so much.

I have been married almost four years, and my husband is as much my lover as before we were married. I think we are as happy as any in the world, yet we have the troubles that seem to belong to this life, but if we think of the good things that come our way, instead of the bad ones all of the time, we shall see, God is pouring our share of blessing on us. Hoping to see this in print, I will step out for the present.—Mrs. Maude G., Indiana.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Good day to you, everybody. I hope it will be a good day with you.—Elizabeth.

A Correction—In the recipe for modern breadmaking, published in The Blade of January 12, a mistake was made. It should have read: "One part liquid to three of flour," instead of "One pint."—Samantha.

Louisa Stennett, Oregon — Kindly send your address to the Household Editor.

O. D. Sturm—We shall be glad to have your "favorite recipes." The more the better.

All letters sent to this page should have Household Editor written on the envelope, where it may be easily seen. Don't forget this.

Pioneering in Michigan

PART TWO

On the morning of October ninth—I shall never forget the day—my husband took a load of wheat to the mill to exchange it for flour. The air was calm, not a bit of wind was stirring, but toward noon it began to rise, and the sun shone with a yellowish light that seemed unnatural. Stronger and stronger grew the wind and the sun was shadowed until it was almost dark. Sparks and fiery embers began to fly through the air. Cattle were heard lowing in all directions. I heard our cow bells, just south of our fields, the only part that was not surrounded by windfalls. I sent our eldest son to bring the cows in, if possible, he hurried away, and, in a short time, brought them home. Hardly had he driven them into the yard, when I heard a roaring noise, and looking up, saw a wall of fire, rolling through the windfall from the west. Soon the fence on the west side of the farm was burning fiercely. From this fence there was a lane, leading east to the barn. This lane was fenced on either side with a board fence. In almost no time, this fencing had caught fire, and the flames were racing directly towards the barn.

I was almost desperate with fear and anxiety. Seizing an ax I knocked the boards from the fence and dragged them a little distance away to ploughed ground. This saved the barn for the time being. Then I noticed that the manure near the stable was burning, and, getting water I poured it on the fire, when a fire brand came flying through the air and landed directly under the barn. In a few moments the big structure was a mass of flames.

By an oversight the stable door had been left open and the cows had crowded into the stable. By an almost superhuman effort I succeeded in driving them out before the stable was on fire. It now looked as if the house was doomed to certain destruction also, and so, with my two eldest boys running ahead, one clinging to my skirts, and the youngest in my arms, we made our way to the nearest neighbor south of us. I looked around several times to see if the house were on fire, but the smoke was so dense, I could distinguish nothing.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon my husband returned from the mill and came over to look for us. He was glad to find us all alive. He had been delayed on the road two hours by the fire, having had to tear down a fence and drive into a field to save himself and the team. He told me that our house was still standing, and the danger of fire was past, so we trudged back to the farm. We found the trees in the orchard all killed by the fire; hogs and chickens burned to death, and of the barn and contents, nothing remained except a few hundred pounds of nails and a little ashes. In the center of the wreck stood the iron mowing machine, warped and twisted, with the finger bar still raised.

Sad and silent we viewed the ruins. We did not have anything left to feed the horses that evening. Next morning one of our neighbors brought us two sacks of oats and a little hay, which was very much appreciated. We carried no insurance on the property destroyed, and were so disgusted with that part of Michigan that we sold out and moved to Kansas.

Some time I will give you a description of the part of Kansas where we lived.—Mrs. William Reimann, Oregon.

This Home-Made Cough Syrup Will Surprise You

Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly. A Family Supply at Small Cost.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly and will usually cure the most stubborn case in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for $2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis and other throat troubles, sore lungs, etc. There is nothing better. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guiaicol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 242 Main st., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

PLAIN DISHES

A very whoesome dish for breakfast is:

Graham Mush.

Have boiling one quart of water. Add one teaspoonful of salt and thicken with Graham flour, the same as when using corn meal. Cook for 20 minutes or longer over a slow fire. Stir to prevent scorching. Eat with cream and sugar. Any that is left over is nice fried in butter or drippings.

Cottage Pudding.

One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one egg, a lump of butter the size of an egg, one pint of flour, a pinch of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of good baking powder. Cream sugar and butter together. Beat the egg light, add the milk and well-sifted baking powder and flour. Flavor with a few drops of vanilla or lemon extract. For a change a scant cupful of chopped raisins or other fruit may be added.

Pudding Sauce.

One cupful of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of flour, about one teaspoonful of butter. Mix together and add boiling water. Let boil a few minutes. Put in a few drops of flavoring.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

This may be useful for nearly all kinds of salads.

Beat together two eggs. Mix one teaspoonful of ground mustard in two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar. Add to the eggs, then gradually stir in one-half cupful of vinegar. Place over rather slow fire and stir while cooking to prevent scorching. When thickened remove from stove and add one teaspoonful of salt and a small lump of butter. If too sour, add a little sugar and water; if not sour enough to suit taste, add more vinegar.

This amount of dressing will be sufficient for two or three salads for a small family and will keep nicely.—Widow from Ohio.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Friends—Our editor stated in the last issue of our good old paper, "The Blade," that it wasn't too late to say, or wish a Happy New Year; so here I am, wishing you all a happy New Year. A West Virginia boy, living in Mason county, in the southern part, along the Kanawah river about 15 miles from its confluence with the Ohio. My age is 20. My hair is dark brown. My eyes are blue. My height is six feet. My weight is 190. In short, I am a typical West Virginian.

As some of the members of this club want descriptions, here is the description of my part of the country: As it is winter, the country is not a very beautiful sight, but it is rather nice, too, with all its little hills, covered with snow. Wheat, corn, oats and hay are the important crops. Potatoes, tobacco and almost all vegetables are grown, but grazing is the most profitable of all the other parts of the farming industry.

The country is hilly. In summer you can see large lots of wooded land, and there are numerous small streams where the fish love to stay and the little wild animals love to both eat and drink. There are several kinds of fish, as well as small woods game, but there is no large game in this vicinity.

The most notable feature of this country is a battle ground of the revolutionary war, where General Lewis fought the Indians in 1774. I have seen a number of times the grounds upon which the battle ocurred. There is a monument of considerable size erected in commemoration of the battle, at the point where the Kanawah and the Ohio rivers unite. Perhaps this will not interest some of the people in this country and nearby states, but I hope it will interest some of the western members, from whom I like to hear so well.

I would like very much to have a collection of reading matter like our friend Mr. Schrant, of Deshler, Ohio. It would interest me to sit down beside that bunch of magazines and papers and read for a week or two.

I am going to start one something like that this year and at the end of ten years I can have a pretty good lot of reading matter stored away. I am a farmer's son and am glad of it, for it makes my heart ache to see, or think, of the miseries and pain of the city. My father has taken The Blade for twelve years and I would not miss it for a week not for a dollar. As this is my first time, I will say good bye, and sign my nickname—Sis, for Sis Hopkins, West Virginia.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you welcome a farmer of 68 summers, to your happy circle? I was a reader, and an admirer of the Toledo Blade before many of you were born, and I believe it to be the best weekly paper in America. It does my heart good to read your letters. They are next in interest to the letters written to me by own children, who are now all married and gone. How I love to have them come home and bring their children, and how I would gladly welcome all of you to my pleasant farm home. It would be a big reunion, but I think I would enjoy it.

Yes, Grace, I quite agree with you in regard to the beautiful scenery along the old Saint Joseph river. I have lived all my life in Berrien county, Michigan, in the great fruit belt, within two miles of this beautiful river. Some of the happiest hours of my boyhood days were spent along its banks, catching fish. This scenery is now made more beautiful by vineyards, orchards and costly dwellings, as far as you can see on either side of its banks, to Lake Michigan. Now, dear reader, with much love and best wishes for you all, I close by giving you my name and address—Erastus Murphy, Berrien Center, Michigan.

"AW, MARY CASSIDY!"

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

'TIS the women that gets mad too quick," says Mary Cassidy.

"Ain't it the truth!" says I, me havin' just saw a grand bunch o' buds showin' themselves off on the geranium plant in me kitchen window, an' bein' made to feel be the sight o' that same that 'twas home, swate home, I was havin', an' me a dacent, well-behaved woman, wid the elegant hand for flowers.

"'Tis true," says Mary Cassidy, "'tis the women that gets mad too quick, an' takin' 'em twict as long to get over it. Some never stop chewin'. 'Tis miny a time I've saw that kind. 'Tis not me that's wishin' anyone bad luck, though 'tisn't apast meself to be hopin' they'll choke. 'Twill mebbe learn 'em manners, I dunno. That's what I'm thinkin', Ann Donovan."

"For why do you be thinkin' like that, Mary Cassidy," says I, her lookin' that fierce she had me guessin'. "Is it you an' Cassidy that's had words?"

"It is not," says she. "Cassidy wint to his job like a lamb, this mornin', wid himself an' his dinner pail stuffed full o' sausage, there bein' enough cold wans left over from breakfast to be fillin' that same, an' him that fond o' 'em, he can't get enough, let alone the appetite that Dennis, me youngest, has for 'em. 'Tis great hands we are for sausage, us Cassidys," says she, "from the oldest wan to the youngest."

"'Tis the same wid us Donovans," says I. "Sausage is grand eatin'."

"It is," says she. "'Tis a rare home comfort, it bein' that fillin. Sure, the pig is a blessin', wid us usin' all but his grunt."

"Aw, Mary Cassidy!" says I. Wid that we both give a laugh, an' I seen she was feelin' full o' the divil.

'Twas me that was startin' to do me dishes, wid Mary Cassidy sittin' by in me rocker, a-rockin', an' lookin' that sassy an' red-headed.

"'Twas me that read a piece in the paper," says she, "that come round a package gave me by a lady I accommodate wid washin', her sayin' there's none can do washin' like me, an' her bein' wan that pays that prompt an' particular, not lettin' it run from wan time till the next wan, an' then promisin' 'tis the next week she'll be payin'."

"'Tis the fine woman she is," says I, "wid a heart for the poor."

"She's the grand wan," says Mary Cassidy. "'Tis not the likes o' her that do be chewin'. 'Tis them that's seekin' trouble, not knowin' what they do be wantin', an' gettin' it good and plenty, an' all that's comin'. 'Twas the piece in the paper that tolt how a woman got a divorce offen her husband. 'Twas caused by his sittin' in the front yard, conspicuous, doin' his own mendin', to put shame on her for neglectin' that same."

"An' she got a divorce offen him for the likes o' that!" says I, almost droppin' the dish I was wipin', an' me havin' none to spare, I was that struck.

"That's what she done," says Mary Cassidy, "an' him such a grand sewer!"

"Well, what do you know about that!" says I. "'Tis some women that can't be suited!"

"Ain't it the truth!" says Mary Cassidy. "If Cassidy could set in his own patches an' do his own darnin', sure I'd encourage him in it, an' leave him set on the housetop whilst he was doin' that same, if 'twas housetop settin' he favored. Sure, there's no place too good for a man like that."

"An' that woman that had wan, got a divorce offen him!" says I.

"That's what she done," says Mary Cassidy. "'Twas her that was not knowin' a good thing when she had it, an' him a grand, plain sewer!"

"An' her takin' him for better an' for worse," says I.

"That's what she done, like miny another wan before her," says Mary Cassidy, "an' him getting the worst of it, be the piece in the paper."

"For why didn't she give him the laugh?" says I. "'Twas her time for laughin', wid him doin' the sewin'."

"I dunno," says Mary Cassidy. "'Tis miny a trouble could be turned away from the door wid a laugh, if 'twas known when 'twas time for laughin'," says she, speakin' wid smartness.

"'Tis truth you do be speakin'," says I. "'Tis not me that'll deny it."

"There's miny a wan that's not a plain sewer, gets the worst of it," says she wid a sigh, givin' me the look out o' the tail o' her eye, an' flappin' her two hands in the air.

"'Tis not Donovan," says I, wid dignity.

"I'm not mintionin' no names," says she, speakin' lofty. "'Tis not Cassidy."

"Twas me that had no word for the speakin', me bein' that mad wid indignation.

"Aw yes," says she, "'tis the worst of it they do be having, plain sewers an' all, wid the women gettin' mad too quick, an' never stoppin' chewin' on what they get mad at, no, not when they wouldn't be able to tell the cause of that same, if 'twas asked 'em. Sure, 'tis an excuse to get a divorce offen 'em," says she. "Ain't it the truth?"

'Twas not me that gave her the back answer, me goin' on wid me dishes, an' not sayin' a word, though rattlin' them dishes somethin' fierce.

'Twas soon Mary Cassidy went home, her sayin' wid a laugh whilst she was passin' t'rough the door, "'Twas not me that mintioned the name o' Donovan."

Wid that, she took an' cut acrost the yard, me seein' her shoulders shakin' wid laughin', an' her leavin' me, laughin', too.

Aw, Mary Cassidy.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies have done for me. For two years I suffered. The doctors said I had tumors, and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. Your Liver Pills have no equal as a cathartic. Any one wishing proof of what your medicines have done for me can get it from any druggist or by writing to me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. Christina Reed, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. Lily Peyroux, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, and cure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, STOP-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Beck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 or $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

CATARRH

MEDICINE FREE

If your Ears ring or roar, or your hearing is failing, if you Knock, spit, cough or have bad breath, scabs in Nose, Irritation in Bronchial Tubes, Lungs or Stomach, your name and address will bring to you absolutely free a 32days course of medicine prescribed to meet your individual requirements and complications.

We have successfully treated many who have tried various "Catarrh cures" with little or no benefit, and we make you this liberal offer to introduce our splendid treatment in your section.

REMEMBER send only your symptoms, name and address, NO MONEY and without cost you will receive a 32 days course of medicine prescribed especially for you.

GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 750 GRAND AVE., KANSAS CITY, MO.

HER-CU-LIN FOR STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN

HER-CU-LIN the giant developer for men's vitality quickly gives results. If you still have ambition to enjoy life get Her-cu-lin the "New Direct Method." Powerful Virile invigoration quickly secured. Strongest kind of endorsements from cured men. $1.00 ☞ 10 cents brings you full proving size at once. Write H. OSWALD CO. 818-24 W. 42d St., New York.

FITS

EPILEPSY or Falling Sickness.

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a lifelong study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O address. DR. H. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

ASTHMA

CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. The Hetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthma sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. B, American Express Building, Chicago.

The Urine Must Be Tested

in all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Liver and Digestive organs, including Rheumatism, or the treatment will be an experiment. I test urine Free. Mailing Case for urine sent on request. Consultation and opinion free.

DR. J. F. SHAFER, Specialist, 497 Penn Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

MORPHINE

and other drug habits are successfully treated by ANTIDOTINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue Free by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00.

DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY, 1177 Holland Building, St. Louis, Mo.

ASTHMA

Remedy sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1. If not, don't. Give express office. Write today. National Chemical Co., 631 Ohio ave., Sidney, O.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure was tested and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY. Dr. Cannaday, 243 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

FLIES FROM LAND TO SHIP

Ely Makes Trip to Deck of Cruiser in Frisco Bay.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—Aviator Ely started from Selfridge field, 12 miles south of the city, at 10:45 o'clock this morning and 16 minutes later landed on the deck of the cruiser Pennsylvania, anchored in San Francisco bay.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Operation, Pain, Danger or Loss of Time.

I have a new Method that cures rupture and want you to use it at my expense. I am not trying to sell you a Truss, but offer you a cure that stays cured and ends all truss-wearing and danger of strangulation forever.

No matter whether you have a single, double or navel rupture or one following an operation, my Method is an absolute cure. No matter what your age nor how hard your work, my Method will certainly cure you. I especially want to send it free to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of trusses, treatments and operations have failed. I want to show everyone at my own expense, that my Method will end all rupture suffering and truss-wearing for all time. This means better health, increased physical ability and longer life. My free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin your cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it to-day.

FREE COUPON

Mark location of Rupture on Diagram and mail to

DR. W. S. RICE
521 Main St., Adams, N. Y.

Age.....
Time Ruptured.....
Cause of Rupture.....
Name.....
Address.....

DIXIE TO CORNER FRUITS

103 Northern Democrats in Congress to Be Pushed Aside From the Pie.

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 21.—Southern statesmen in the house of representatives are engaged in a soul-stirring struggle for pelf and place. They are formulating plans to dominate the affairs of the new house, whatever the effect on the fortunes of the party in the future.

Ignoring for the time the responsibilities for legislation developing upon them by virtue of the mandate of the people at the November elections they are determined to pull down practically all the available patronage in the lower branch of congress and to monopolize practically all the desirable committee assignments in that body.

What part the northern Democrats will play in the new house is now a matter of conjecture. Of the 228 Democrats representatives elected last November 103 come from states north of Mason and Dixon's line. If the will of the southern Democracy prevails the northern continent will be elbowed aside and assigned to the sole duty of ornamenting the legislative landscape. It's all settled. The south is to have a monopoly of the house organizations—jobs as well as committee places.

Big Delegations North.

The north and west stood by the democracy in November, 1910. New York leads with a Democratic delegation of twenty-three members. Ohio, with sixteen Democrats, sends as many members as does Texas. Alabama, Virginia and Pennsylvania send nine each, and Mississippi has but eight. Georgia has eleven and so has Illinois, while Indiana has twelve to North Carolina's ten. Arkansas, Louisiana and South Carolina have seven each, and so has New Jersey.

There are eighteen northern states that contribute these members, and in addition the Democrats have twelve from Missouri, five from Maryland and nine from Kentucky—states which have all given their electoral votes to a Republican president at various times, beginning with 1896.

In the fifty-second and fifty-third congresses the northern Democrats yielded in almost everything to the southern brethren with the result that their party was driven from power in the north and west, in most states to stay out in the cold until last November.

There are some who believe that they will try to put the brake on in the next congress in an effort to prevent a repetition of the troubles which beset them between 1891 and 1895, and since then in fact, but that remains to be seen.

No Places for Them.

No statements of Democratic origin that have been given out up to date indicate that provision is to be made for the northern Democrats in the new house. Champ Clark, from a border state, but a southern man by birth and associations, is to be speaker. Representative Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, is slated for the position of chairman of the committe on ways and means, and of the eleven other Democrats selected for membership on that important body five are from southern or border states.

If in the organization of the new house rule of seniority is to be followed southern members will land all the important chairmanships. It is true that the south has maintained the party organization in the house for the past 16 years. There have been only a few northern Democrats in the lower branch of congress since 1894.

Naturally, therefore, southern members are bound to secure a majority of the committe places of importance. Southern members demand that they be allotted everything that they are entitled to under the rules of the game, and then some.

Would Skip Seniors.

For example, Representative John J. Fitzgerald is the ranking Democratic member of the committee on appropriations. Next place on this committee is filled by Representative Albert S. Burleson, of Texas. Despite the fact that under whatever arrangement may be made the south is certain to get a goodly share of chairmanships, Representative Burleson wants the place at the head of appropriations. He insists that Mr. Fitzgerald be pushed aside to make room for him.

There is another similar case. Representative William Sulzer of New York, is in line for the chairmanship of the committee on military affairs. Representative James Hay of Virginia follows Mr. Sulzer on this committee list. Mr. Hay wants the military committee. He insists that the claims of Brother Sulzer shall be ignored.

Any plan that may be devised to apportion committee assignments in the next house could not, unless revolutionary methods were adopted, deprive the south of the pick of the very committees that will enable the south to dominate legislation so far as the house is concerned, during the life of the sixty-second congress.

The northern men and those from the border states could combine and take control of the house away from the southern Democracy. But such a combination is not practicable the way things are now sizing up. The representatives from the border states, more intimately identified socially and politically with the south, have been taken into the "hog combine." Therefore the border state representation will stand with the south.

Conservative Democrats who are looking toward 1912 may curb the impetuous members of the south in their mad desire to monopolize committee places and patronage in the new house, but present indications do not point to such a result.

POOR MEMORY DEATH CAUSE

Woman Runs Back for Tickets and Heart Gives Way.

Utica, Jan. 21.—Mrs. Sarah B. McCall, of Sherburne, lost her life last night because she forgot two theatre tickets.

With a woman guest she started to walk from her home to the theatre, two blocks away. Half the distance had been covered when she found she had forgotten the tickets.

She turned and ran back to the house, got the tickets and then nurried to catch her friend. She had almost reached her when she fell to the walk dead. The exertion had brought on heart failure.

PAUL MORTON DEAD

Head of Equitable Falls in Faint and Dies of Cerebral Hemorrhage.

MORTON IN BRIEF.

Paul Morton was born in Detroit, May 22, 1857. Most of his early life was spent at Arbor Lodge, Nebraska City, the home of his father, J. Sterling Morton, secretary of agriculture, appointed to that office by Former President Cleveland.

In 1872 Mr. Morton entered the Omaha offices of the Burlington & Missouri River railroad as a clerk. His rise in the railroad world was rapid and when he left the Burlington in 1890 he held the position of general freight and passenger agent of the system.

After six years with the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. and its subsidiary corporations Mr. Morton became vice president of the Santa Fe railroad, which position he held until 1904, when he was appointed secretary of the navy by President Roosevelt. He was made president of the Equitable Life Assurance society in 1905. Mr. Morton was married to Charlotte Goodridge of Chicago, in 1880.

New York, Jan. 20.—Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance society and secretary of the navy under Theodore Roosevelt, died of a cerebral hemmorrhage in the Hotel Seymour here last night. His wife and his elder brother, Jóy, were summoned to his side, but he was dead at 6:45 o'clock, a few minutes before they arrived and an hour after he was stricken.

Mr. Morton himself had no idea that his life was in danger, but his family, his physicians and a few close friends knew that his condition was precarious and that, if he did not take care of himself, grave results would follow. Joy Morton, immediately after he left the room where the body lay, gave a full account of his brother's ill health and sudden death.

Lunched With Brother.

"Paul and I took lunch together at noon today," he said. "I had come on here from Chicago only this morning and Paul met me at the station. We went to the Equitable building where, at Paul's request, I attended a meeting of the board of directors at which he presided. Then we had lunch together in the building, and sat together talking until perhaps 2:30.

"I had other business and so had he. 'See you at the house at 6 or a little before,' I said, and we parted. I never saw him alive again. At 5 o'clock I dropped into his office, thinking we might go up town together, but he had left before me. So I went on up to the house alone, where I met Mrs. Morton and we drank tea together.

Phone Tells Wife.

"She knew that Paul had promised me to be home at 6 or before, and as it grew late she turned to me and said: 'Joy, isn't it odd that Paul's late? He's always so punctual.' The words were hardly out of her mouth before the telephone rang and the butler brought bad news. 'Mrs. Morton,' he said, 'the Hotel Seymour telephones that Mr. Morton has just fainted.'

"We jumped into an automobile and were there in a jiffy. Mr. Berwind was there before us. They had telephoned to the Metropolitan club, to Paul's office and to others of his friends.

"Now let me tell you a little about my brother's health. About the first of last December, the Equitable got out what it called a Christmas policy, and when everything was in readiness it was suggested that it would be fitting to make out the first policy in the name of the president of the company. Paul was examined and Dr. Wells, the chief examiner for the company, rejected him. Of course it was a shock, but Paul never dreamed how serious was his case. It alarmed the family, however, and we had him come to Chicago to be examined by Dr. Frank Billings. That, I think, was about December 5.

"Paul laughed at us. 'They're only trying to scare me,' I remember he said.

"Of course Dr. Billings did not tell Paul all he found, but he did tell me. 'Your brother's blood pressure is too high,' he said. 'He has auto-intoxication.' And then he explained that auto-intoxication is a condition in which the body does not rid itself of the toxins it secretes and so poisons itself. In addition, he diagnosed cerebral thrombosis. My father died of precisely similar conditions on April 27, 1902."

DREW OUT 7,500,000 BOOKS

New Yorkers Break World's Record in Library Circulation.

New York, Jan. 20.—A world's record was achieved by the circulating department of the New York public library in the year 1910. Seven and a half million books were distributed to 1,500,000 borrowers in the public library's branches in the three boroughs. The gain for the year was 500,000. No other American city can approach this record, nor is it likely to be duplicated anywhere in Europe.

I'M SO HAPPY—I'LL NEVER GET APPENDICITIS

I Can Eat All I Want to Now. I'm Safe Because I've Read the ADLER-I-KA BOOK.

No more wind on the stomach, sour stomach or constipation. No more nausea and heavy feeling after eating. No more being afraid of getting the treacherous Appendicitis. The ADLER-I-KA BOOK shows what to do—all as simple as A, B, C, and absolutely sure.

Think what a blessing to get INSTANT relief from all your bowel and stomach trouble. To be positively safe from Appendicitis, so you can eat anything you want and as much as you want without ever giving Appendicitis a thought.

Write your name below, enclose a 2c stamp, and you will get the famous ADLER-I-KA BOOK entirely free. It's different from any book you ever saw; it tells what only few doctors know; it will surprise and astonish you. It shows many curious cases and tells how you can INSTANTLY relieve bowel or stomach trouble, how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be cured without operation and HOW YOU CAN EASILY PREVENT IT. You wouldn't take $10.00 for what you will learn from this book, yet it's free for a 2c stamp. Address: Adlerika Co., Dept. 21, St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

LIVES EMBITTERED BY SKIN TROUBLES

Many estimable lives have been embittered by skin afflictions, due, in most cases, to neglect in infancy and childhood. Delicate skins readily become irritated and severe eruptions develop. Then treatment after treatment is tried and found wanting until life becomes a nightmare of torture and disfigurement, imposing a fearful handicap in the race for business or social advancement. Yet this physical and mental suffering might have been avoided or mitigated by a timely use of Cuticura soap and ointment.

NEAR DEATH AT SEA

Survivors of Wreck Tell Tale of Adventure.

Albany, West Australia, Jan. 20.—Three of the crew of the British freight steamer Parisiana were lost when the vessel was burned at sea. The survivors arrived here yesterday on the steamer British Transport which picked them up on St. Paul Island, to which they had escaped in their own boats.

The Parisiana of 3,084 tons sailed from New York on October 29 for Melbourne. She carried a cargo of merchandise but no passengers.

Fire broke out in the hold on December 13. For four days the crews fought the flames but the job was too much for them and on December 17 when the vessel had approached St. Paul island the men took to their small boats. The ship's papers were lost.

From their island refuge the sailors attracted the attention of the steamer British transport, bound from Buenos Ayres for Australian ports and were taken on board. The burned craft belonged to Furness, Withy and company of Glasgow and was three weeks overdue at Melbourne.

The survivors unfolded a tale of adventure when today they had somewhat recovered from their sufferings. For two days they were at sea at open boats and then followed 23 days on a barren and otherwise uninhabited island.

FINDS PEARY WAS NEAR POLE

Committee Reports He Came Within 1.6 Miles of It.

Washington, Jan. 21.—That Captain Robert E. Peary came within 1.6 miles of the north pole—near enough to establish his claim of having been at the exact spot, is the decision of the house committee on naval affairs, which has been considering the bill to retire Captain Peary with the rank of rear admiral.

The basis of the committee's finding is the chart prepared by Hugh C. Mitchell and C. R. Duvall of the United States coast and geodetic survey and based on Peary's observations. This chart shows that Peary went to the left on nearing the pole, due to an error in his instruments. Later he crossed toward the pole, his nearest point being 1.6 miles.

Representative Bates of Pennsylvania presented the majority report of the committee recommending that Peary be retired with the rank of a rear admiral.

HE KNEW G. W. QUITE WELL

Oldest Man, Claiming 134 Years, Tells of Country's Father.

Bradyville, Ky., Jan. 21.—John Morgan, a native of Germany, believed to be the oldest man in the world, clebrated his 134th anniversary here today.

Despite his extreme age he is in the best of health and his memory of over a century ago is perfect. He was in the war of 1812.

He tells many interesting stories of Washington and other makers of history in early times. In his younger days he was a famous boxer; he says he knocked out many soldiers while in the army.

BAN IS LIFTED ON CHINESE

Secretary Nagel Will Admit Under Bond Higher Classes.

Washington, Jan. 20.—To avoid a friction in administering the Chinese exclusion law, Secretary Nagel has signed a new regulation providing that Chinese of the higher classes whose papers appear irregular may be admitted to the United States under heavy bond pending investigation of their cases.

With the appearance of this regulation in a few days one of the causes which led to the Chinese boycott against the United States and its products will be removed.

That boycott has resulted in reducing American exports to China from $65,000,000 to $15,000,000 a year during the last five years.

STEEL TRUST HEAD'S PAY CUT

New President Will Draw Only $50,000 a Year.

New York, Jan. 18. — Although Charles M. Schwab and William E. Corey as presidents of the United States Steel corporation received $100,000 a year, James A. Farrell, the new president, will receive only $50,000.

The finance committee of the corporation is empowered to fix salaries and it was learned yesterday that Mr. Farrell's salary has been placed at just one-half of what his predecessors received.

He was recently selected for the position by the finance committee, but will not assume his duties until Feb. 1, after his election by the board of directors, Jan. 24.

NORTON TO HAVE $40,000 JOB

Washington, Jan. 23.—Charles D. Norton, of Chicago, who will retire from his position as secretary to the President on March 4, will take a place with one of the big corporations of the country at a salary of over $40,000 a year. The offer was made to Mr. Norton immediately upon his return from Panama, where he accompanied the President. It was then that he resigned from the Northwestern Life Insurance Co., from which he had obtained leave of absence in order to take the post at the White House. It is believed that Mr. Norton has been offered the presidency of some big concern.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Jan. 24.—Encouraged by firmer cables, the bull crowd at Chicago bought wheat freely at the opening, with the result that prices in all markets took an upward course early in the session. Rather bullish advices from Argentina had the chief uplifting influence on Liverpool. Undoubtedly the leading domestic bearish factor is the weakness of flour. Millers, with hardly an exception, are well stocked up with wheat and flour and stocks of both commodities appear larger than in years. Abroad, the situation is much affected by the liberal Russian offerings. Toledo prices were about ¼c higher all around on the call. Cash opening at 93½c, May at $1.01⅜, and corn ⅛c off at 97½c.

Rains in Texas and Oklahoma started selling after midday and demand grew lighter. Minneapolis was weak all day. Early advances were lost and the market closed ½c down in cash at 97½c, ½c lower in May at $1.01, and ⅝c off at 97c in July.

Corn opened ¼c higher with May at 52c and July at 53c. Early trading developed nothing new.

In corn, trade was very light and the market closed at about Monday's final figures.

Opening unchanged at 37½c in May and 37c in July, oats gained ⅛c in the first hour. The percentage of fancy No. 2 white oats in local elevators is unusually large.

Closing oats values were about the same as the opening.

Clover seed opened a shade easier, cash, January, February and March opening 2½c off at $8.80, April unchanged at $8.50, and October steady at $7.60. Receipts were 665 bags against 220 a year ago. Shipments were 182 compared with 340 a year ago.

Amplitude of receipts and light outgoing movements were the main bearish factors. April and October closed unchanged, while cash and the other futures stood at $8.75.

(Cash quotations are based on grain in Toledo elevators, all charges paid.)

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Jan.24.	Jan.23.
Wheat—				Close—	
Cash	98¼	....	....	97½	98
May	1.01⅜	1.01⅜	....	1.01	1.01⅛
July	97½	97⅝	....	97	97⅜
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	47¼-½	47¼
May	52	....	....	52	51⅞
July	53	....	....	53	52⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	34¼	34½
May	37½	....	....	37½	37⅝
July	37	37¼	....	37	37
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.80	....	....	8.75	8.82½
Jan.	8.80	....	....	8.75	8.82½
Feb.	8.80	....	....	8.75	8.82½
March	8.80	....	....	8.75	8.82½
April	8.50	....	....	8.50	8.50
Oct.	7.60	....	....	7.60	7.60
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	84	84
No. 3	....	....	....	81	81
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.85	4.75
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.30	9.30
March	....	....	....	9.40	9.40

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	99⅜	99⅜	98⅛	98⅛	99⅛
July	95⅜	95⅜	....	95	95½
Sept.	94	94⅛	....	93⅜	93⅝
Corn—					
May	50¼	50¼	50	50¼	50
July	51¼	51¼	....	51	51
Sept.	52	52⅝	51⅞	52	51⅞
Oats—					
May	34⅝	34⅝	....	34⅜	34⅝
July	34⅜	....	....	34⅛	34½
Sept.	....	....	....	33⅜	33⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.03½	....	1.02½	1.02⅝	1.03⅛
July	....	....	....	1.01⅛	1.02

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.00⅝	1.00⅝	99⅜	99½	1.00
July	94½	....	....	93⅜	94⅜

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.04⅜	1.05⅛
July	....	....	....	1.05⅛	1.05⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.06⅛	1.06⅝
July	....	....	....	1.06⅞	1.07⅜

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	98⅜	98⅝
July	....	....	....	99⅝	99⅞

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	20.80	21.00	....	20.95	20.62
May	18.50	18.65	....	18.52	18.45
July	18.00	....	....	17.95	18.00
Lard—					
May	9.82	....	....	9.82	9.80
July	9.77	....	....	7.70	9.07
Sept.	....	....	....	9.75	9.72
Ribs—					
May	9.85	....	....	9.85	9.82
July	9.67	....	....	9.67	9.65
Sept.	....	....	....	9.72	9.65

Money and Stocks.

New York, Jan. 24.—(Wall Street.)—Trading was light at the opening of the stock market today and there were few important changes from last night's closing. The New York city bonds were the most active feature, a block of $200,000 selling at 101¾. Missouri, Kansas & Texas preferred was up a point and 2,500 shares of United States Steel sold at an initial gain of ⅝, but this was soon lost. Laclede Gas gained half, St. Paul ⅝ and Northern.

After a slight setback the market hardened, Lehigh Valley and Reading gaining nearly a point and other shares smaller fractions. Trading was quiet, pending the outcome of the city bond sale.

The market displayed little life in the morning session, traders restricting their operations to a minimum while awaiting returns from the city bond sale later in the day. It was recognized that the course of the market hinged largely on the outcome of the flotation of this issue. The market grew sensibly firmer toward midday and there were some good advances in a few of the minor specialties. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

New York, Jan. 24, 1911.

Quotations corrected daily by Secor & Bell, Gardner bldg.:

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Alt. Coast Line	120	120	120	120
Am. Loco. com.	40⅛	40⅞	40⅛	40⅞
Atchison	104	104⅛	104	104
A. Car and F. Co.	63½	64⅛	63¼	64½
Anaconda	39¼	39⅝	39¼	39⅛
Amal. Copper	63⅞	64¼	63½	64
Am. Smelters	77⅜	78⅝	77⅝	78
Am. Steel Fdy.	46	46	46	46
A. Tel. and Tel.	143½	144½	143¾	144
Am. Tobacco pfd.	94	94	94	94
Am. Beet Sugar	41	41⅜	41	41½
Balt. and Ohio	106⅜	107	106½	107
Brn. R. Trans.	76¾	77¼	76⅝	77¼
Canadian Pac.	208	208¼	207¾	207⅝
Colorado Fuel	34⅝	36	34½	35¾
Ches. and Ohio	83⅛	83⅝	83¼	83½
Central Leather	32	32¾	31⅞	32¼
Con. Gas	142	142¼	142	142¾
Can pfd.	79½	80	79½	79½
Corn Prod. com.	14⅝	14⅝	14⅛	14⅝
Distillers Sec.	34¼	33¾	33¾	33¾
Erie com.	28¾	29⅛	28¼	28⅝
Erie 1st pfd.	47½	47⅝	47⅜	47⅝
Gt. Northern pfd.	126	126⅝	126	126¼
Gt. Northern Ore	59¼	59⅝	59¼	59⅜
Int. Harvester com.	113¼	113⅝	113⅜	113⅝
Interborough com.	18⅜	19¼	18⅜	19¼
Interborough pfd.	51⅜	53⅜	51⅜	52⅞
K. C. Sou. com	33	33	33	33
Louis and Nash.	144	144	144	144
Laclede Gas	112⅝	113⅝	113⅜	113½
Merc. Marine pfd.	17⅞	18	17⅝	17⅞
Missouri Pacific	50½	51	50⅜	50⅞
M. S. M.	137⅜	137⅜	137⅜	137⅜
M. K. and T. com.	35¼	35¾	35⅛	35¼
Nor. Pacific	119⅛	119⅝	118⅝	119⅛
National Lead	56¼	56⅞	56½	56⅝
Nevada Con's	18⅛	18⅝	18⅛	18⅜
North Am. Co.	70⅜	70⅝	70⅜	70⅜
N. Y. Central	110⅝	111⅜	110⅝	111¼
N. and W. com.	105⅛	106⅞	105½	105⅝
N. and W. con. 4's	105¼	105¼	105⅜	105⅛
Ont. and Western	41⅞	41⅞	41¼	41¾
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	32⅝	33½	32⅝	33⅛
Penn. Ry.	127¼	129⅜	126⅞	127
Pacific Mail	23⅞	25⅞	23⅝	25⅞
People's Gas Co.	106⅜	107¼	106⅝	107
Reading com.	158½	160½	158¼	156¼
Rock Island com.	31⅜	32⅛	31⅜	31⅞
Rock Island pfd.	62	62	62	62
South. Ry.	27⅜	27¾	27⅜	27¾
South. Ry. pfd.	65	65	65	65
St. Paul	127¾	129¾	127⅝	127⅞
South. Pacific	117⅞	118⅝	117⅝	118⅝
Sloss-Shef. com.	50½	50½	50½	50⅝
Tenn. Copper	35⅜	35⅝	35¼	35⅜
Union Pacific	173¾	176	173	175¾
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	104¾	104¾	104¾	104⅞
U. S. Steel	77½	78⅜	77¾	78
U. S. Steel pfd.	118½	118⅞	118⅜	118⅞
U. S. Steel 5's	101¾	104½	104⅝	104½
U. S. Rubber com.	37¼	37½	37⅛	37⅛
Utah Copper	45¾	45½	45¼	45⅝
Virginia Chem.	64¾	64¾	64¾	64¾
Wabash com.	16	16	15⅞	16
Wabash pfd.	35	35½	35	35⅛
Western Union	75	75¼	75	75

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Jan. 24.—Hog receipts were fair and the market ruled steady. Cattle and sheep and lambs ruled steady. Prime veal calves were quoted a shade lower.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.85@7.90; good mediums, $8.00@8.05; heavy yorkers, $8.10@8.15; light yorkers, $8.20@8.25; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $8.00@8.05; good pigs, $8.20@8.25; bulk of sales, $7.90@8.15; stags and roughs, $6.25@7.25.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050@1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.50@5.75; common and light steers, $5.00@5.25; choice fat cows, $4.50@5.00; fair to good cows, $3.75@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.50@3.00; prime export bulls, $4.50@5.25; good butcher bulls, $4.25@4.50; fair to good bologna, $4.00@4.25; choice fat heifers, $5.00@6.00; fair to good heifers, $5.00@5.50; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springers, $35@60.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.75@4.25; good to choice mixed, $3.25@3.75; fair to good, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $1.75@2.75; culls to fair, $4.75@5.25; yearlings, $4.25@4.75; choice lambs, $6.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.50 down; fair to good, $8.00@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and paired, $4.00@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Jan. 24.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead)—Cattle, 8 cars; market dull. Hogs, 30 cars; market steady; heavy, $8.00@8.10; yorkers, $8.30@8.35; pigs, $8.40@8.50. Sheep, 40 cars; market slow; best lambs, $6.00@6.15; yearlings, $4.75@5.00; wethers, $4.00@4.35; ewes, $3.75@4.00. Calves, $5.00@10.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Jan. 24.—(Bower and Bower)—Hog receipts 20 cars, steady, yorkers and pigs $8.10@8.25; heavy $7.75@7.80. Calves $10.50. Lambs $5.85. Cattle $4.50@6.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Jan. 24.—By Live Stock Journal)—Cattle steady. Hog receipts light, active, 10c higher. Heavy $8@8.10; mixed $8.15@8.20; medium $8.30@8.35; yorkers $8.35@8.40; lights $8.40@8.45; pigs $8.45@8.50. Sheep steady, $4.25 down; top lambs $6.25. Calves steady, $10.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Jan. 24.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 4,000, market steady, beeves $4.75@7; Texas steers $4.15@5.30; western steers $4.50@5.80; stockers and feeders $3.75@5.70; cows and heifers $2.80@6.10; calves $7.25@9.25. Hogs, receipts estimated at 18,000, market steady, light $7.70@7.95, mixed $7.65@7.90; heavy $7.65@7.90; rough $7.60@7.75; good to choice heavy $7.75@7.90; pigs $7.50@8.05; bulk of sales $7.75@7.85. Sheep, receipts estimated at 25,000 head, market steady, native $2.50@4.40; western $3.70@4.35; yearlings $4.50@5.60; lambs, native $4.25@6.20; western $4.75@6.20.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. print, 26c; solid pack, 25c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 20@21c; dairy, prime, 18c; packing stock, 14c; oleo, 12@22c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 15@16c; New York state, 16c; brick, 16@17c; limburger, 17@18c.

Eggs—Storage, 20c; candled, 22c; strictly fresh, current receipts, 25c.

Onions—Spanish, 45-lb. crate, $1.40; home-grown, 100 lbs., $1.6a.

Cranberries—Jersey bog, bbl., $8.00; late Howes, bbl., $10.00@10.50.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.00@2.00.

Apples—Baldwin, No. 1, $4.50@6.00; No. 2, $3.00@3.75; Spies, No. 1, $5.00; Ben Davis, $4.00@5.00; Northwest, fancy, box, $2.00@2.50.

Oranges—Florida, $2.00@$2.75; Navels, $2.25@2.50; Indian river, $3.75.

Lemons—California, $3.50@3.75.

Pineapples—Cuba, $3.50.

Grape Fruit—Box, $3.00@4.25.

Tangerine—Half stron, $2.25.

Grapes—Almeria, bbl, $6.50@7.50.

Figs—Pound, 10c, 11c and 12c.

Dates—Fard, 11c; Khad, bulk, 6c.

Poultry—Fowls, 12c; chickens, 12c; cocks, 9c; geese, 13@14c; turkeys, 17@18c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 10c; heavy and rough, 9@9½c; calves, prime, 11@12c; fair, 10c.

Yearling lambs, 8@10c; spring lambs, 10@11c; pelts off sheep, 6@8c.

Cow Beef—5@8c.

Steers—8@10c.

Heifers—7@9c.

Cleveland Produce.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Cleveland, Jan. 24.—Butter—Creamery, extra, 27½@28c;

SAVE MONEY, TIME AND LABOR
Before Building, Write for Free Booklet and Samples of
BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD AND SHEATHING

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD is cheaper and better than Lath and Plaster; applied winter or Summer. YOU can easily nail it to studding. Applied dry it is at once ready for paint, paper or burlap, is clean and sanitary; **guaranteed proof against dampness, heat, cold, sound and vermin.**

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CONSTRUCTION
Made of kiln-dried dressed lath, impregnated in hot Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized cardboard; is cut at the factory into uniform sheets, 4x4 ft. sq. and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets (delivered in crates) are easily and quickly nailed to studding. Used for dwellings, pleasure, health resort and factory buildings, new partitions in old buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages.

Price $2.50 per 100 sq. ft. or $6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. factories, New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

BISHOPRIC SHEATHING saves 75 per cent in material and labor. Same as Wall Board, but card-board surface of Sheathing is not recommended for decorative purpose; therefore costs less. Quickly nailed to studs with laths and asphalt exposed.

Makes smooth, solid job. Does away with building paper. Proof against heat, cold, dampness. Used with excellent results as cheapest and best lining for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables and other buildings.

Price $2.35 per square of 100 sq. ft. or $6 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

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WRITING CARD 25 CENTS LADIES' ALBUM

This ELEGANT Watch $3.95
Has the case beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set. Fitted with a 7 jewel American made lever movement **GUARANTEED 20 YEARS** with long gold finished chain for ladies or vest chain for gents. **IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT.** Let us send it without expense to you C. O. D. express paid by us for examination at your nearest express office, and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $20.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Ladies', Men's or Boys' size. Address W. C. PARKER, R 22, 225 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

FREE NOVELS 6 GREAT BOOKS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS. 1. Rics Corner. 2. Kitty Craig's Life in New York, by Mary J. Holmes. 3. My Mother's Rival, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 4. Cecilia, by Charlotte M. Braeme. 5. A Little Irish Girl, by "The Duchess." 6. Two Men and a Question, by Anna Katherine Green. These are 6 corking stories by four great authors. They are six separate books and are offered to introduce our great illustrated monthly paper. Send 25c for a year's subscription and 5c extra to help pay postage, etc., or 30c, and we will send you all six of above books & our paper for a year. Everyday Life, Dept. 43 Chicago

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Can be made by representing us in your locality. We want a few good, active, energetic men and women hustlers for our latest proposition. Easiest, fastest, and best selling patented articles ever offered. All home necessities. Can't be bought in stores. J. White is making $24 a week. Don't miss this opportunity. Write at once for territory. First come first served. Thomas Mfg. Co., 5478 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio.

TELLS OF GIRLS HELD IN CAVE

Lass, to Explain Absence, Makes Yarn a Good One.

Schnectady, Jan. 21.—Twelve-year-old Jennie Szalkiewicz, who disappeared about 9 o'clock last night, fooled the entire police force here this afternoon. She related in detail one of the most horrible stories of crime ever imagined even by Poe or Conan Doyle.

As she was walking along Huron street, she said, a strange man, wearing a black overcoat, and a derby hat, threw a cloak over her head, placed her in a wagon and carried her to a cave, where she was confined with about 20 other girls. Some of the girls, she declared, were already dead from brutal treatment, and others were killed by men during the night. Her story concluded with her thrilling escape at daybreak.

The police hunted all day for the cave, but they did not find it. The girl invented the story to explain her absence from home, it is thought.

DOGS INVOLVED TWO NATIONS

Policeman, in Evading Taxes, Raises Point in International Law.

Washington, Jan. 18.—If an Irish policeman owns two English bulldogs and lives in a house owned byp the German embassy, should he be made to pay dog taxes? Jerry Sullivan, a member of the force, has the police court wrestling with this problem of international law. Sullivan rents a house from the German embassy. Consequently, he asserts, the dogs live on foreign soil. The laws of the district exempt members of foreign embassies from paying taxes on their canine pets. Sullivan maintains that his dogs answer the requirements of the statutes.

CANNON DRAWS LINE AT PIPE

Just Won't Smoke Missouri Corncob Champ Clark Gave Him.

Washington, Jan. 20.—Uncle Joe Cannon admits that he swears like a trooper, chews tobacco and smokes cigars, but he refuses to be known as a pipe smoker. When asked to pose for a photograph showing him smoking a Missouri corncob presented to him by Champ Clark, he said:

"Now, don't ask me a favor like that. I cannot comply with it. My public character is even now all too clearly marked with foibles. The public knows me as a constant smoker of cigars; they know that I sometimes chew tobacco and that I swear like a trooper. But I am not a pipe smoker. When Champ Clark gave me that pipe I loaded it up and smoked it just once."

CALLED 'DADDY,' ASKS DIVORCE

Man Complains to Court Because Wife Taught Children Word.

Pottsville, Pa., Jan. 23.—The hearing of the evidence in the divorce proceedings brought by Dr. J. C. Biddle, superintendent of the State Miners' Hospital at Fountain Springs, was concluded today before Senator C. A. Snyder, the examiner. If a divorce is recommended to the court, Mrs. Biddle will demand a trial by jury, which must be granted.

The divorce proceedings is based on charges of cruel treatment. Dr. Biddle alleging among other things that his wife taught their children to call him "Daddy," despite his objections to the term.

BABY GIRL IS LIFE SAVER

Stroudsburg, Pa., Jan. 24. — While playing near the spring on the property of Mrs. George K. Mercer, of near Analomink, Voneta, the 3-year-old daughter of C. W. Starner, accidentally fell into the water.

Her sister Verna, only 4 years old, caught her by the hand and drew her out.

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powdrpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof and as durable as oil paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manuf'r., 416 North St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write to-day.

HOMAGE TO KING CORN

National Exposition to Be Held in Columbus Beginning January 30.

Columbus, Jan. 23.—"King Corn," the most important cereal crop, which amounted in 1910 to 3,121,381,000 bushels, will be tendered special homage at the National Corn Exposition, to be held in Columbus January 30 to February 11. At no time in the history of agriculture has this all-important crop been so recognized—one day being set aside known as "national corn day."

The festivities in celebration of "King Corn" will continue throughout the day with addresses by prominent farmers and famous orators, when the matter of production and consumption of the corn crop will be threshed out.

The evening program will be of still greater interest to many of the visitors, for the big national corn banquet will be the feature. Plates will be laid for 1,500 guests, the Ohio Corn Improvement association to be host. The banquet will be held in the immense exposition auditorium, and, with the grandest menu of all-corn products, intermingled with catchy music and other entertainment features, the evening will be one of much gaiety.

The program for the day includes addresses by P. G. Holden, of Iowa; C. G. Williams, of Ohio; G. L. Christie, of Indiana; William Deitrick, of Illinois; C. G. McCall, of Ohio; W. J. Spillman, of the department of agriculture. At the evening corn banquet Secretary James Wilson, of the department of agriculture, will be the principal speaker. His topic will be "The Evolution of American Agriculture." Senator Burton, of Ohio; Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, and other notables, will speak. Governor Harmon, of Ohio, will preside at the ceremonies incident to the occasion and Secretary Sandles, of the Ohio state board of agriculture, will be toastmaster.

DIVORCE SOLD IN A CHURCH

Marriage License and Ceremony Also Auctioned Off.

Atlantic City, Jan. 20.—The Fraters, an association of men members of the First Presbyterian church, will have an auction this week for the benefit of the church, and committees have been busy throughout the city hustling for contributions.

One committee called at the city hall and the bureau of vital statistics promptly presented them with a genuine marriage license. When the pastor heard this he offered to perform the ceremony free of charge as his gift. Then an enterprising committeeman asked a lawyer for a contribution.

"I give my services in securing a divorce," he declared, and filled out an order to that effect.

PLANS HOME FOR LAME DUCKS

Public-Spirited Man Would Save Offices From Potilical Hacks.

Salem, Mass., Jan. 23.—Daniel T. Haggerty, a prominent politician here, has started a plan to build a home for worn-out politicians. He says:

"Recently it was announced that certain politicians were in favor of having a candidate for mayor elected superintendent of water works, to keep him out of the mayoralty field next election. Now it is reported that four worn-out politicians were in line for different departmental positions held by competent men.

"I will be one and can recommend two others who will subscribe $50 each to a fund to build a home for worn-out politicians and so rid the city of the burden of creating new offices or discharging worthy men to provide for them."

FIGHTING DEER LOCK HORNS

Battle Hours Before Notified Man Arrives and Kills the Pair.

Anaconda, Mont., Jan. 23.—On a recent trip over the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific railroad passengers were treated to an unusual sight. Conductor Kimball noticed that two buck deer in a fierce combat near the track between Butte and Anaconda at 8 p. m.

He told the crew of the passenger train that leaves Butte at 11:15, and they were on the lookout and were rewarded by a sight of the battle, and in the glare of the headlight it was seen that the horns of the bucks were locked together.

The crew told Joseph Page, night operator at Durant, and he took his rifle, walked up the track a mile and killed both deer. Each weighed nearly 300 pounds and had five prongs. Page succeeded in unlocking the horns and will have the heads mounted.

GONZALES SLAYER OSTRACIZED

Nephew of Senator Tillman Now Is Penniless and Ill.

Edgefield, S. C., Jan. 20.—Estranged from his wife and relatives, deserted by his friends and penniless, James H. Tillman, recently lieutenant governor of South Carolina and slayer of N. G. Gonzales, editor of the Columbia State, is critically ill in a wretched hut near here. He is attended by an old negro as his only companion. But for this man, it is said, Tillman would have starved to death. Once the most popular politician in South Carolina, Tillman has been ostracized because he killed Gonzales, who was unarmed. He is a nephew of Senator B. R. Tillman.

FROM PULPIT TO PRISON CELL

Tampa, Fla., Jan. 24.—A man who was introduced as the Rev. Mr. Gibbs stepped last night from the pulpit into a prison cell, figuratively speaking. Just after he had finished a sermon in the Lakeland Presbyterian church Gibbs was arrested on a warrant sworn out by a Tampa liveryman charging him with the larceny of a horse and buggy.

CANNON MANAGER FLIES VOTE QUIZ

Was to Have Been Called as First Witness Before the Grand Jury.

Danville, Ill., Jan. 24.—X. Lesleure, president of the Danville National Bank, son-in-law and political manager and treasurer of Speaker Cannon, who was to be the first witness before the grand jury in the vote sale inquiry today, has left the city for parts unknown.

Activities began at 5 o'clock in the morning when R. H. Frankeberger, a reporter, who had written a story Saturday for the Danville Commercial News based on an interview with City Attorney Frank W. Jones in which the latter admitted vote buying, was routed out of bed and urged to leave town.

Offered a Vacation.

Later in the morning, Pete Sanichas, a Greek politician called on Frankeberger and in the presence of two witnesses told him that if he would not go before the grand jury Jones would sign a statement releasing from liability for libel all papers which had printed the story of the "confession" which Jones has since repudiated.

The newspaper man objected that to avoid going before the grand jury he would have to leave town immediately, lose his job and incur much expense. Sanichas assured him that he had just come from a meeting of the "Jones-Shepard people" and that they would see that he got a vacation with pay and expenses.

Saw Payments Made.

When the jury met at 1 o'clock Frankeberger was the first witness to go before it. He was followed by another newspaper man, who had heard Jones admit having bought votes and kept a list of the men purchased.

Witnesses will be had tomorrow who will testify to having seen Jones pay voters in the Shepard campaign. H. M. Martin, a butcher, who rented him a room adjoining the polling place at 560 W. Fairchild street, will testify that he looked from his shop into the room through a hole in the partition and saw the payments made.

Foreman Isaac Woodyard, of the Vermilion county grand jury, appeared before Circuit Judge E. R. E. Kimbrough as soon as the latter opened court today and asked the court to cause Sheriff John T. Shepard to explain why he did not serve subpoenas given him to serve by the grand jury. Woodyard also asked that a deputy sheriff other than Fred ("Dr.") Vutrich be appointed to guard the grand jury room.

The request of Foreman Woodyard caused a sensation here, inasmuch as Sheriff Shepard was mentioned in the first reports, which later were denied, as having admitted buying votes. It was for him, according to the stories which met with such prompt denial when published, that City Attorney Frank W. Jones is alleged to have bought votes, as related to the grand jury yesterday by newspaper men.

DISPELS ALARM BY WIRELESS

Steamer Captain at Sea Learns Fire Is Not His Home.

Norfolk, Va., Jan. 24.—While steaming out of Hampton Roads for Boston the other evening, Captain C. F. James, of the Merchants & Miners' Transportation Co.'s steamer Juniata, saw a blaze that to him looked to be somewhere in the neighborhood of his home at Lambert's Point. He had just left his family in good cheer and, thinking the fire might be his own home, the captain resorted to wireless to ascertain the location of the blaze.

The wireless operator on the steamer communicated with the government station at the navy yard, who transferred the message to the Norfolk fire department and received a reply that a barn was burning not very far from Captain James' home, but not close enough to do the house or those in it any harm.

800 MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Immigrants Returned From New York, Can't Enter Russia.

Berlin, Jan. 23.—Neither America nor Russia is willing to receive 800 Russians who, in direst poverty, were sent back from New York on a boat of the Uranium Steamship Co.

They were landed at Rotterdam and were to be transported across Germany to Russia by a special train. The Russian government sent notice that the penniless 800 would not be permitted to cross the frontier, so the German authorities held up the train, which, with its unhappy human freight, returned to Rotterdam. There the Uranium line has been invited to take possession of its passengers.

The Dutch government is negotiating wih Russia for permision to return the immigrants to their former abodes.

TO WED HIS MOTHER'S NURSE

Bridegroom-to-Be Changes Name Preliminary to Nuptials.

Passaic, N. J., Jan. 24.—A romance that began at the bedside of the late Mrs. Ann Groocock, in Clifton, a suburb of this city, will culminate in a wedding on February 7, when Arthur Thomas Groocock Hawthorne will wed Miss Grace Serena Spencer, a trained nurse.

Mrs. Groocock was ill for a long time before her death, last September, and she had to be constantly attended by a trained nurse. Almost at once after Miss Spencer took charge of the patient a friendship between her and the son developed. When he was not attending to the affairs of his father's estate Mr. Groocock was paying his addresses to the nurse. Friday Mr. Groocock appeared before Judge Scott in the Passaic county court and asked that his name be changed to Arthur Thomas Groocock Hawthorne. Judge Scott granted the request.

HEROINE DENIES BRAVERY

Pittsburg, Jan. 24.—Anna O. Bromley, the 16-year-old student at the Margaret Morrison Carnegie schools, who has been voted a bronze medal and $2,000 for her education by the Carnegie hero commission, does not like being called a heroine.

"Instead of being very brave and all that, when I went into the water after Philip Fackenthall I must confess that I was scared almost to death," she stammered today. "I've been a good swimmer since I was 10 years old, and I don't think I did anything wonderful.

"I heard the man scream and I saw his eyes filled with terror and I was out of the boat diving for him before I thought."

BR-R-R! WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU SHIVER?

CHINA'S CHIEF WOMAN IN U. S.

Dr. Kin Heads Several Medical Institutes in the Empire.

New York, Jan. 24.—Dr. Yamei Kin, the little Chinese physician and educationalist who is considered the most distinguished woman in China, arrived in New York yesterday aboard the steamship Laurentic for a sojourn of two months.

Since she was appointed by the government of China to the principalship of the Imperial Pei-Yang Woman's Medical School and Hospital and Women's Dispensary at Tien-Tsin, Dr. Kin has also been given charge of the Women's Medical Department of Northern China.

She is also visiting physician to the government Widows' home, the Girls' refuge and the Chang Lu Infant asylum. She speaks nine Chinese dialects and Japanese and English.

MORGAN IN NEW RAIL RECORD

Hastens From Washington to New York at Mile a Minute.

Philadelphia, Jan. 24.—What is believed to be the fastest railroad trip ever made between Washington, D. C., and New York occurred yesterday when J. Pierpont Morgan was whirled from one city to the other over the Pennsylvania railroad in the unparalleled time of three hours and 56 minutes. The special train averaged more than a mile a minute. The distance is 224.7 miles and express trains make it in five hours.

Mr. Morgan's train, composed of a locomotive, a tender, one steel coach and a private car, left Washington at 11:12 o'clock yesterday morning. A brief stop was made at the West Philadelphia station, where engines were changed, and the train arrived in New York at 3:08 o'clock in the afternoon.

The special train, it is said, was ordered in a hurry and the purpose of Mr. Morgan's trip was not made known to the railroad officials.

HOLDS CHARLTON FOR ITALY

Federal Judge Denies Habeas Corpus to Alleged Murderer.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 24.—Judge Rellstab, in the United States circuit court yesterday, denied the application for a writ of habeas corpus to prevent the extradition of Porter Charlton, alleged wife murderer, to Italy. The young man's father said an appeal would be taken. Judge Rellstab overruled a motion to exclude the diplomatic correspondence in the case.

GUN ATTACK ON AUTHOR MYSTERY

Shooting of David Graham Phillips Is Not Yet Cleared Up.

New York, Jan. 24.—"His chances are fair," was this morning's report from the bedside of David Graham Phillips in Bellevue hospital, where the author was taken yesterday afternoon, after he had been shot down in the street by an eccentric musician with a fancied grievance, and who followed his murderous assault by suicide on the spot.

Watchers by the bedside of the injured man were cheered through the night by the resistance the patient was showing to the wounds which the six shots from the automatic pistol of his assailant Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough, had inflicted upon him. All things considered, the nurses and medical attendants of Mr. Phillips felt justified today in describing his night as one of comparative comfort, and, although little change was noted in his condition, there was no disposition on the part of the hospital authorities to take other than a hopeful view of the case.

Dr. D. L. Hotchkiss, of the Bellevue visiting staff, expressed the professional view of the danger to be most feared in speaking of the wound in the author's right lung. The possibility that pneumonia might develop from this wound caused the grave apprehensions.

"One saving factor," said Dr. Hotchkiss, "is that the bullets are very small. They are of steel and of high velocity, proof of which is had through the fact that they went in the front of his body and came out at his back. Fortunately, the bullet fired into his abdomen swept along close to the skin and did not puncture the intestines; otherwise, the outlook would be practically hopeless."

Over-night developments as to the motive of Goldsborough in shooting Phillips were few. That for some time Phillips had been receiving threatening notes, telegrams and telephone calls, was a fact known to his relatives, and Goldsborough had been heard to say that he bore a grudge "against a certain writer," on account of a magazine article.

Friends of Goldsborough, who came of a prominent Maryland family and was a Harvard man, were as much at a loss as ever today to explain his act. He was only 31 years old and had been regarded as a deep-thinking student, devoted to his profession of music and to literary pursuits.

WED AT SEA TO AVOID LAW

Unwilling to Wait Three Weeks, Lovers Charter Tug.

Edinburgh, Jan. 24.—Alfred B. Scott, Jr., of New York, and Miss Stella Mabel Peatling, daughter of William Peatling, also said to be of New York, were married on a tugboat yesterday. The couple, who had been touring the continent, came to Edinburgh for the purpose of being married, but found that a residence of three weeks was necessary. Anxious to start for the United States, Mr. Scott chartered a tug at Leith, and accompanied by Miss Peatling, a minister, lawyer and friends, proceeded four miles to sea, where the ceremony was performed.

AUSTRIA INCREASES WAR FUND

$448, 000,000 for Army Next Year —$11,000,000 in New Warships.

Vienna, Austria, Jan. 24.—An extraordinary credit of $11,000,000 as a first installment toward the construction of new warships appears in the Austro-Hungarian budget, which was presented to the delegates by Baron Burian Von Rajecz, minister of finance, today.

The navy building program for the next six years provides for four dreadnoughts of 20,000 tons each, three cruisers, 12 torpedo boats and six submarines at a total cost of $62,400,000.

The army estimates for the coming year have been increased by $8,600,000, the total expenditures being placed at $448,000,000.

KING LOVERS ARE EXPELLED

Portugal Has Trouble With Monarchists in Provinces.

Lisbon, Jan. 24.—The government is experiencing some difficulties in the provinces. At Leira, 75 miles northeast of Lisbon, a Catholic priest named Faria has been arrested charged with treason in inciting the soldiers to mutiny to bring about the restoration of the monarchy.

Many monarchists, including journalists, have been exiled from the country. Averio, a town in the province of Beira, the editor and staff of a newspaper which is attacking the government, have barricaded themselves in their building, and, armed with rifles and bombs, stand ready to resist if attacked by troops which have been ordered to the scene.

VOTE SELLING MILL RESUMES

Sixty Plead Guilty and 43 More Are Indicted.

West Union, Jan. 24.—The vote probe was resumed Monday, and as a result of the day's activities on the part of Judge A. Z. Blair and his grand jury 60 pleas of guilty were made and 43 voters were indicted on charges of selling their franchises.

Judge Blair accepted the acknowledgments of guilt, assessed the usual $5 and costs, making $10.92 in each case, and disfranchised each offender for five years. The grand jury was busy all day. Its report brings the total of indictments to 1,800, which is a trifle more than one-fourth the usual voting strength of the entire county.

Alva Lewis and Clinton Garrett, two prominent party workers, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, appeared in court. Lewis, who is a brother of County Commissioner Blaine Lewis, departed from West Union the day the probe began. Garrett left the day following the November election. Lewis had been in Danville, Ill., the town also being investigated for alleged election corruptions.

KING MAY HEAD PRINCETON

Famous University May Offer Oberlin Man Wilson's Place.

Washington, Jan. 24.—Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin college, is being considered in connection with the presidency of Princeton university, vacated by Woodrow Wilson, New Jersey's governor.

A member of the board of trustees of Princeton, here yesterday, said it was very probable a formal offer would be extended to President King by the board. He said further their investigation had satisfied the trustees that President King was "one of the very ablest college men" in the country.

The Princeton official withheld the use of his name.

WAR GOVERNOR VERY ILL

Paris, Jan. 24.—The health of former governor of Rhode Island, William Sprague, is such that his death at any time would not be a surprise to his family, though his physicians are of the opinion that he may survive many months.

"The war governor," who is in his eighty-first year, has been with Mrs. Sprague in this city for nearly a year past. Recently he experienced a return of the effects resulting from a rupture of a blood vessel of the brain in 1907. Periods of unconsciousness are frequent.

MAN SHIVERS IN BROADWAY WHEN CAR RIPS HIS ATTIRE

New York, Jan. 23.—No doubt the rules of common chivalry will intervene to protect Joseph Sinclair from contumely, as well as the insolence of office, but such unwritten rules are poor protection against such January winds as were represented in upper Broadway yesterday afternoon. Anyhow, not only did Mr. Sinclair shrink and shiver in the breezes, but those persons who usually complain they have nothing to wear ran screaming into nearby drug stores or hid their faces.

Mr. Sinclair left his home at No. 422 Amsterdam avenue at half-past four o'clock. Ten minutes later he started out from the curb to cross Broadway at Seventieth street. Before he had taken six steps he say he could never reach the parked space in the center of the street ahead of an approaching northbound car. He dodged back, but found that an automobile was approaching alongside, but much faster than the car, and he was caught between. He made one wild leap and caught the rear platform of the car just as the automobile rushed past.

Now had there been no lamp bracket on the automobile, Mr. Sinclair might never have attained so much publicity, but there was, and as the automobile whir'ed by it caught Mr. Sinclair by the hip pocket. The automobile passed on, but Mr. Sinclair dangled from the car platfodm and much of the apparel he would least care to part with was dangling from the lamp bracket.

With his lower limbs clad largely in shoes and hosiery, Mr. Sinclair began to call attention to his plight in tones attuned to the ears of pedestrians in Maspeh, L. I. The conductor brought the car to an abrupt stop and Mr. Sinclair tumbled into the street, and began using his coat for a kilt. Then it was that the rush on drug stores started.

Policeman Tierney, of the West Sixty-eighth street station, made the best time on record in getting to the scene. He jerked off his ulser and wrapped it about Mr. Sinclair.

The automobile, driven by John Moore, of the Sonoma apartments, turned around and started back in quest of the owner of the unsolicited pennant floating from the lamp bracket. It was a limousine car and as it came abreast of Mr. Sinclair that individual yanked open the door and plunged in among the cushions.

"Home," shouted Policeman Tierney, taking his seat beside Mr. Sinclair.

"Yes," shouted the victim, shaking his hand at Mr. Moore. "And don't forget to bring along those—these—whaddyacallems. I need 'em."

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URGES CITIES TO TRADE GIRLS

Attorney Says Many Would Reform if Away From Evil Chums.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 24.—An intercity exchange of wayward girls is proposed by District Attorney Joseph P. Pelletier. He believes that many of those girls, if placed in different environment, would become good women. He wants Boston to take New York girls, Chicago to take Boston girls and New York Chicago girls and so on.

Mr. Pelletier said:

"The one great temptation of the girls who are placed on probation is that they do not have the will power to resist the influences of their chums. Young women after once going astray in many cases try their best to reform, but fail because of the allurement of their bad acquaintances.

"These young women sometimes try hard to do right and if they had one to keep drawing them back they might become better women. I think it would pay different cities to go to the expense of exchanging probationed girls so these girls would be unknown and where they would work quietly toward a better end."

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HUNT WILL, FIND DAUGHTER

Relatives of Millionaire Learn of Marriage Few Knew Of.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 24.—Relatives of Robert Pettebone, the multi-millionaire who died on Tuesday, have searched in vain for his will. He left an estate valued at $8,000,000.

A relative left for New York today in the hope of finding the will in the vault of some bank in that city.

If the will is not found there may be a contest among the relatives over the big estate.

A caveat has been filed by Mrs. R. T. Pettebone and Ethel Pettebone, aged 2 years, as his daughter and legal heir. Few knew that Mr. Pettebone was married. On petition Judge Freas, of the orphans' court, has appointed a guardian for the little girl.

200 GUESTS AT HAY BANQUET

Eat Bread, Cookies, Pie and Other Things Made of Alfalfa.

Mitchell, S. D., Jan. 20.—Delegates to the first South Dakota corn show, numbering 200, sat down at the first alfalfa banquet ever held in this state tonight. Bread, cookies and pies, as well as several other savory dishes which took the place of vegetables were on the menu and were greatly enjoyed by the banqueters.

Tea made of alfalfa leaves, which is recommended as tonic, was also consumed, but not much relished. All of the viands of the banquet were prepared in Billings, where experiments in the use of alfalfa for human food have been conducted for years.

It is believed that the "alfalfa banquet" will result in a largely increased acreage of the fodder in this state during coming years.

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SLEUTH BUYS HIS OWN DOG

When Spots Come Off in Washing He Knows Stolen Animal.

Philadelphia, Jan. 24. — Policeman Tom Benz, of the Tenth district, lost his pet poodle, Rube, last week and couldn't find him. When two young men approached him on the street on Friday and offered to sell him a dog for $10 he had given up Rube for lost and decided to buy. The new dog looked very much like Rube, except that it had several black spots, whereas Rube had been pure white.

The new dog acted so very friendly to his new owner that Benz wondered if he was a dog charmer. He kept on wondering until yesterday, when he decided to give the dog a bath. Then he discovered that the animal's black spots were only stove blacking. When the dog finished his bath he was Rube in every detail.